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POEMS
OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES



*BY A LIFELONG
THINKER AND WANDERER*

Poetry - English

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POEMS

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LONDON

POEMS

OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES

1839—1887

BY A LIFELONG

THINKER AND WANDERER

[Robert Needham Cust]

omnis

Votivâ pateat, veluti descripta tabellâ,

Vita senis

Πολλὰ δὲ μερμήριζε κατὰ φρένα, καὶ κατὰ θυμόν

LONDON

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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1887

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39935

Voi, che ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri, ond' io nutriva il core
In sul mio primo giovanile errore,
Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel, che sono ;
Del vario stile, in ch' io piango, e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze, e 'l van dolore ;
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar Pietà, non che Perdono.

PETRARCH.

Warum bringst du auch Lieder
Zu aller Liederzahl,
Und singst das Alte wieder
Gesagt schon tausend mal ?

O ! wollt ihr Bäume fragen
Warum auch sie so grün,
Warum sie Blüten tragen,
Da schon so tausend blühn

Das kleine Bäumlein schelten
Weil auch mit Laub geschmückt,
Weil auch nach andern Welten
Mit niederm Wipfel blickt ?

Ob ihm auch Blätter kamen
Er rief sie nicht hervor :
Nicht andern nachzuahmen.
Er muss—er muss empor.

LEIPZIG : 1857.

INTRODUCTION.

POETRY is the attempt to make life harmonious : its charm is, that it creates an inner life of sweet thoughts and sweet words and sweet dreams, unknown to all but the happy dreamer, who plods on on his weary road of hard work, none the less methodically and earnestly, because he has a corner in his mind, to which no worries can reach ; because he has a fount of water always flowing on—flowing on from youth to extreme old age. The Muse never grows old. She may be only a poor creature, but she is youthful to the last day. A carefully kept journal records the matter-of-fact proceedings of each day : a chronological collection of poems brings back the scene, the time, the motive, the circumstances, now so changed ; the tears, the joys, the companion long buried out of

sight. Every educated person, who has studied the great masters of Classical, and Modern European and Oriental song, might feel himself tempted, would certainly be able, and need not feel ashamed to have held sweet converse with the Muses. The hopes, the fears have passed away, with even the power of regretting, but the poem remains.

LONDON : *June* 1887.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
TRANSLATION OF A SANSKRIT POEM	1
THE GREAT DEITY	3
TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE OF THE SAKONTALA	5
PLEASURES OF TRAVEL	9
THOUGHTS ON MY FUTURE CAREER	12
A SUNDAY EVENING IN NORTH INDIA	13
HOME AT LAST	18
A GRAVE IN THE HIMALÁYA	19
THE CLOUD-MESSENGER	21
SIMLA	25
FROM THE PERSIAN	27
FROM THE PERSIAN	28
FROM THE HINDI	29
THE MURDER OF AGNEW AND ANDERSON AT MULTAN	30
THE ANCIENT LADY	32
A FUNERAL IN LONDON	37
LINES AT THE BATHS OF DIANA, SMYRNA	40
A DAY IN PALESTINE	42
HIRAM'S TOMB	46
LINES AT MOUNT CARMEL (LATIN)	50

	PAGE
ABRAHAM'S TREE, HEBRON	51
LINES TO MY FATHER, FROM MOUNT OF OLIVES	57
THE PARTING OF FELLOW-TRAVELLERS	61
DAMASCUS	64
SCENE IN LEBANON	66
PROTESTANT HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY	68
THE GREAT DUKE	72
THE GOOD PROCONSUL	75
THE MOMENT OF DEATH	77
LINES IN THE BURIAL GROUND, ALEXANDRIA	78
MAIDEN AND ROSE	82
THOUGHTS BY THE WAY	84
THE HINDU NOTION OF A FUTURE STATE	86
EQUANIMITY	91
FRAGMENT DURING MY EVENING WALK	93
THE BIRDS FLYING HOME AT EVENTIDE	94
THE GRAVE OF A BABY	96
MY GARDEN	99
A DAY IN INDIA	101
SCUTARI HOSPITAL	106
SILLY BILLY AT WINDSOR	108
THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM THE CRIMEA	111
THE FRIBURG TREE	114
A VISIT TO HORACE'S VILLA	116
ON A FRIEZE IN THE BERLIN GALLERY, BY KAULBACH	120
THE UNFORGOTTEN LOVE	123
TO MY FATHER ON HIS SEVENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY	127

CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND GEORGE BARNES . . .	130
THE CONTRAST	132
A PICTURE	135
A MOUNTAIN SCENE	138
LINES ON AN EMINENCE COMMANDING VIEW OF THE HIMALÁYA	140
HERBERT S.	143
SIR HERBERT'S SHIELD	145
IN MEMORIAM	151
TO THE QUEEN IN HER WIDOWHOOD	153
'LORD GOD, I THANK THEE!'	156
THE ANGLO-INDIAN MOTHER AND HER TWIN FIRST-BORN	158
OMNIA MUTANTUR (LATIN)	161
LINES AT LAHORE (LATIN)	163
LINES WRITTEN AT DAYBREAK	165
LINES ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP COTTON	166
'ON SUCH A DAWN'	168
THE COMING MAN	172
IN MEMORIAM (LATIN).	175
BISHOP UTTERTON DIED IN THE ACT OF ADMINISTERING THE HOLY COMMUNION	177
WHAT WILL OUR GRANDCHILDREN THINK OF US? . . .	178
INTER ROSAS SPINÆ (LATIN)	180
ANGELORUM VESTIGIA (LATIN)	181
PUERILIS HORA (LATIN)	183
TO THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH (WITH LATIN VERSION).	185
CARMEN FERIALE (LATIN). PARTS I. AND II. . . .	186

	PAGE
IONA	190
OMNIA VINCIT AMOR (LATIN)	192
'THOU KNOWEST, LORD' (LATIN)	194
CARMEN FERIALE (LATIN). PART III.	196
LINES SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF MILLAIS'	200
THE SAME AS ABOVE, LATIN VERSION	205
'FOR EVER WITH THE LORD' (LATIN)	210
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM	212
THE CURATE	214
ITER AD CONGRESSUM ORIENTALEM APUD PETROPOLIM (LATIN)	217
THE CHILD WIDOW	224
ISANDLÁNA	227
PRAYER	230
HATLEY REVISITED	231
THE EMPTY CRADLE	234
TO A YOUNG LADY LEFT BEHIND AT ATHENS (WITH LATIN VERSION)	236
TWO KINDS OF IGNORANCE (PERSIAN, ENGLISH, LATIN)	238
'FRIENDS, TO MY GRAVE'	240
ALONE WITH GOD	241
IS HE DEAD?	243
THE PILGRIM'S WIFE	248
THE ACCEPTED CROSS	251



TRANSLATION OF A SANSKRIT POEM.

WHERE are the monarchs who filled India's
throne,
Their sounding chariots and their armies
gone,

Of whose great actions and aspiring schemes
With mighty monuments the earth still teems ?
Alas ! unseen all human frames decay
As water trickles through the unbaked clay.
Tossed by the surge from some far distant shore,
Planks meet with planks, and, parted, meet no more :
Beneath the tree, which hides the scorching ray,
The traveller rests, and, rested, goes his way.
Such in this world the meeting friends obtain :
They meet ; they part : when will they meet again ?
As many friendships as we mortals know,
So many thorns within our bosom grow.

Ye, in this world, who would be truly wise,
On youth and beauty gaze with doubtful eyes.

TRANSLATION OF A SANSKRIT POEM

Both youth and beauty flourish but to fade,
And friendship's tie to break is only made.

With heedless course, and wild, impetuous flow,
Ne'er to return the mighty rivers go.
Thus mortal hours unheeded pass away :
Day follows night and night succeeds to day.
Witness of ancient kings the short-lived hour,
The lordly palace and th' imperial power,
Could they of death th' unerring weapon shun ?
Their works remain, but their short part is done.

Vain to the wilderness th' ascetics fly
From cares, which, while they live, can never die :
If man could make the storms of passion cease,
E'en in a city he might live at peace :
He whom an evil conscience does not cloy
Will fear no penance and will want no joy.

England : February 24, 1841.





THE GREAT DEITY.

(FROM THE SANSKRIT.)

HE sat, that awful Deity, in state :
His throne encircling heavenly armies wait,
Around His head celestial rays were shed :
Beneath His feet His conquered foes were
spread :

To Him the trembling gods their homage brought,
Incomprehensible in word or thought.

O Thou, whom threefold might and splendour veil,
Maker, Preserver and Destroyer, hail !
Thy gaze surveys this world from clime to clime,
Thyself immeasurable in space, or time :
To no corrupt desires, no passions prone,
Unconquered Conqueror, infinite, unknown.
Though in one form Thou veil'st Thy might divine,
Still at Thy pleasure every form is Thine :
Pure crystals thus prismatic hues assume,
As varying lights, and varying tints, illumine.
Men think Thee absent : Thou art ever near,
Pitying those sorrows which Thou ne'er canst fear.

THE GREAT DEITY

Unsordid penance Thou alone can'st pay :
Unchanged, unchanging, old without decay.
Thou knowest all things : who Thy praise can state ?
Createdst all things, Thyself uncreate :
The world obeys Thy uncontrolled behest
In whatsoever form Thou stand'st confessed.
Though human wisdom many roads can see,
That lead to happiness, all verge in Thee :
So Ganga's waves from many a distant snow
Unite, and to one mighty ocean flow.
They who on Thee have fixed their steadfast mind,
And to Thy power themselves, their all, consigned,
Free from desire Thou lead'st them to that bourne,
Where all must go, whence none can e'er return.
Though of Thy might before man's wondering eyes
The earth, the universe, in witness rise,
Still by no human skill, no mortal mind,
Can Thy infinity be e'er defined.
As the bright pearls surpass the ocean bed,
The sun the light by wandering planets shed,
So far Thy real form's celestial ray
Exceeds the homage which weak mortals pay :
And, if to bid Thy awful grandeur hail,
Our feeble voices in their tribute fail,
'Tis not the number of Thy praises cease
But that our power, alas ! knows no increase.

England : February 23, 1842.



*TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM THE
SANSKRIT DRAMA OF SAKONTALA BY
KALIDASÆ.*

SEE in the east day's earliest herald gleams :
In the far west sinks Cynthia's silver beams
Beyond those sacred hills : while kindred
night

With the bright morn sustains unequal fight.
And cannot man the secret moral draw
To trace his varying fate from Nature's law ?
Can he not learn that Fortune's prosperous ray
Will drive at length dark Sorrow's clouds away ?

The moon is gone, and on his golden throne
The sun's high majesty now reigns alone :
All nature smiles, while 'neath the dewy shower
In its soft petals shrinks the tender flower ;
Like some fair maid, whose unpropitious lot
Has doomed her heart to love, and be forgot ;
Who joy and happiness must all forego
To droop unpitied 'neath a weight of woe.

TRANSLATION FROM THE SANSKRIT

In these dark groves, from step profane remote,
Nature's wild choristers now pour their note :
The blossom opens to the morning dawn,
And from the brake springs up the startled fawn.
The peacocks now their golden pride display
To sport and flutter in the opening day :
And while th' ascetic chaunts his matin-prayers,
The holy maidens ply their daily cares.

How happy is the sylvan maiden's fate !
No toils of poverty, no cares of state,
Her simple thoughts with pure devotion share,
Nor sear her bosom with a load of care.
In peaceful ease her minutes glide along,
In grateful labours and harmonious song.
'Tis hers to mark the slowly falling hours,
To roam the woods, and cull the fairest flowers,
The sacred altar with such gifts to deck,
Or stand submissive to her father's beck.
The task performed, and grateful labours o'er,
To some cool shade she flies on Jumna's shore,
Where many a rare exotic plant entwine,
And those fair charms to shield from heat combine.
In vain the emulous Nelumbium vies
With the deep lustre of her lotus eyes ;
In vain the MádHAVI with clustering bloom,
In vain the Késava with rich perfume ;
The lordly Amra bows its stately head,
And the Asóka blushes deeper red :

TRANSLATION FROM THE SANSKRIT

All Nature's charms, that decked her fairy bower,
Droop with diminished pride, and own superior power.

But, when the sun its burning rays recalls,
And the long shadow on the dial falls,
Exhausted Nature then her pity shares,
And drooping flow'rets woo her tender cares.
For her through glades celestial murmurs float,
The Chakraváka pours its latest note :
For her the sylvan deities unfold
Their silver tendrils and their buds of gold,
And all the rural shades, and forest-green,
Bow to her charms, and own her for their queen.

But when Kandarpé with his bee-strung bow
Invades that heart, which knows no other foe,
When fancy first with rapture undefined
Unlocks the hidden treasures of the mind,
The fates transplant her from her native glen
To blow still brighter 'midst the haunts of men :
So the wild Padma leaves its native air
To deck with sweeter bloom the rich parterre.
Go then she must ! Blow, blow, ye favouring gales
To waft her footsteps from her native vales ;
Ye forest trees, extend your sacred shade,
Be your last honour to your favourite paid :
Nymphs of this sacred grove, your sorrows own ;
Your friend is lost : Śakóntala is gone.
And at this moment can she rightly tell
What thoughts tumultuous in her bosom swell,

Can she decide, unfettered tho' her will,
To leave those dear, or that one dearer still ?

And now that evening's hallowed time is nigh,
And Kamudíni fills the silver sky,
Thrice, as the Veda bid, she bows her head :
Thrice round the hallowed altar she is led
In Káma's honour : thrice her aged sire
Scatters the offerings in the sacred fire.
Nor does the hermit-maid omit to lave
Her body in the sacred Jumna's wave.

But haste away : enthroned in regal pride
Thy lord awaits the coming of his bride :
On high behold th' Imperial chatar spread,
The gorgeous chouri wave around his head.
That circlet robbed Himálaya's proudest mines,
And all Golkonda in those armlets shine :
Concentered there all India's riches gleam
From Rávi's banks to Bhágaríthi's stream :
Then haste, obey thy Lord's imperious calls,
And reign supreme within his palace walls
In undisputed sway : from thee shall spring
The heir of Pauru's line, and India's king.

England : April 27, 1842.





PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

SUCH was the feeling, nursed by ancient lore,
That bore blind Holman from his native
shore,
That led him on through distant climes to
roam,

To ease that mind which found no rest at home.
Though he had felt th' Almighty hand of God,
He bowed submissive to the chastening rod :
In no vain murmurings did his restless days
Wear themselves out, but rendered ceaseless praise
To Him, whose mighty, tho' mysterious, will
Had left a pleasure for the blind man still.
For, as with feeble steps he roamed about
With Learning at one entry quite shut out,
Stood in the towns, and learnt the ways of men,
Much saw he that lies hid from mortal ken.
Still, like the ancient prophets, he could trace
The various workings out of sovereign grace,
And mark in separate circles, but one whole,
The one great influence from pole to pole.

PLEASURES OF TRAVEL

Think not that unprotected was his way,
He feared no enemy by night or day :
No savage looks his onward path impede,
No hireling plunderers his steps mislead.
The hand that strikes the blow can best defend :
In every clime he found a ready friend.
Well I remember, how in Egypt's land
And Cairo's citadel, I saw him stand,
And pointing, where the Pyramids uprear
Their stately strength unhurt from year to year,
In glowing language, and choice phrase, he told
How glorious was that landscape to behold :
How many a mighty hero, now laid low,
Stood where we stood, and saw what we saw now.

We parted, but our fate again to meet ;
For neither desert sands nor fervid heat
(Though one dark thick impenetrable cloud
To him all Nature's varying gifts enshroud),
Could the old man deter : across that plain
Where sordid Nature stints the freshening rain,
No sign of human joy or cares appear,
And no glad harvest crowns the golden year,
In patriarchal character he goes
To feel the breeze which from Mount Sinai blows :
And o'er those waters sail, where Moses' rod
Displayed the awful power of Israel's God,
Where through th' upheaved wave and crested foam,
The seed of Abraham sought their promised home.

PLEASURES OF TRAVEL

To Mara's fount the blind man's footsteps hie,
To Sinai's heights upturn his sightless eye :
Still in imagination he can trace
The rugged features of that awful place :
His was it too to test the faithful page
Of history's father to a later age,
And wander, where in upturned heaps of sand
Still can be traced the works of Roman hand.

On board the S.S. 'Hindustan' in the Gulf of Suez :
March 1843.





THOUGHTS ON MY FUTURE CAREER.

ROLL on, ye vast, unceasing, unknown years !
Raise up the curtain, and what scene
appears !
Shall I return, my toils, my labours o'er,
In peace and quiet to my native shore ?
Are there in store for me health, peace, and ease,
All that once pleased me, all that still may please ?
Lies my path onward to an early bier ?
Are my beginnings and my endings here ?
Come what must come ! for death will always find
My soul, if not prepared, at least resigned :
On my last bed my latest breath shall be,
'In Thee I live, O Lord ! I die in Thee !'
Thou, O just Power, inscrutably wise,
To the dark future ope my feeble eyes !
Let me behold the toils which me await,
And gaze prophetic on unerring fate !
Tear down the veil which shrouds my coming years,
Sustain my droopings, and dispel my fears !

Calcutta : April 1844.



A SUNDAY EVENING IN NORTH INDIA.

GRAY evening falls, and hark ! the booming
gun
Tolls the last knell of the departing sun :
From daily toil the labourer finds release,
And all in this sequestered spot is peace :
Save where from yonder trees the busy hum
Of muttering Brahmans, or the sounding drum,
Proclaim that from yon ancient fabric rise
The evening flames of Hindu sacrifice :
Or where with prostrate forms, yet stately air,
The haughty Moslem chaunts his evening prayer.
Here, reft of every tie of home, or friend,
I sit me down a weary hour to spend;
With my own thoughts I hold communion free,
Thoughts which, dear sister, fly to home and thee,
And picture, how in happy hours gone by
Of this blest day the minutes used to fly.
But here no peace-inspiring church-tower bell
Proclaims the Sabbath with its cheerful knell,

A SUNDAY EVENING IN NORTH INDIA

No simple groups to God's own house repair
To meet in penitence, and join in prayer :
From Inspiration's precious page no ray
To these benighted souls has found the way.
In vain for them the spotless Lamb was slain,
For them the blessed Saviour died in vain,
Who, steeped in ignorance, and blind from pride,
Reject the means of grace by heaven supplied,
And thus, from age to age insensate grown,
Worship dumb creatures and bow down to stone.

For me, a hapless wanderer doomed to roam
Through foreign lands, and know a stranger's home,
Void of all charms, save those which always find
A peaceful conscience, and contented mind,
Whene'er at eve my pensive gaze I throw
On the far range of Himaláya's snow,
And watch the fleecy clouds which gathering rest
Upon her haughty snow-encircled breast,
How oft will memory with unfettered wing
Back to my mind forgotten minutes bring,
And bear me, bursting all external chains,
To Alpine heights and sweet Italia's plains,
Where once these happy climes I roamed along
Of conquering art, and never-dying song :
Gazed upon scenes, renowned in classic lore,
And trod on ground which heroes trod before :
Those sunny climes whose influence could inspire
A Raphael's sweetness and a Titian's fire :

Where heaven-born art, with mystic genius rife,
Breathed on the canvas till it burst to life.
Then there were those to whom I could impart
The glow of rapture, bursting from the heart,
And pleasure, shared with them, more pleasing find,
Who, rich in intellect, in taste refined,
Could catch that portion of the Master's fire,
To feel the beautiful, the grand admire.
My wanderings now seem like a pleasing dream
By Arno's banks, or Tiber's sacred stream :
Still, in that dreamy vision by my side
My sister's figure ever seemed to glide,
Charm of each scene, and Genius of each place,
Than whose no sweeter form, no softer grace,
Thy stately halls, Imperial Rome, can show,
Or, on thy canvas, mighty Rubens, glow.

When late two brothers, on a foreign strand,
After long absence clasped each other's hand,
What were the thoughts that occupied each breast,
And robbed the night of half its destined rest ?
What was the magic charm that could delay
The pleasing converse to the dawn of day ?
The thoughts of home, that with the wanderer rove,
Treasured by memory and inspired by love.
We talked of days bygone, of happier hours,
When all our youthful footsteps trod on flowers ;
And many a sigh escaped us when we thought
Of the sad news each month returning brought,

That thou, our sweetest flower, too sweet to last,
Wert drooping 'neath the winter's cruel blast.
Think not that, banished to a distant shore,
We love thee less than once we loved before,
Or that the claims of blood and ties of home
Grow fainter, as we further from them roam.
Affection's ties no bounds, no limits, know ;
Link upon link the sacred fetters grow :
Th' unfading garlands, binding soul to soul,
Twine round the world and stretch from pole to
pole.

And this the soothing feeling, that has power
'Neath fortune's frown, in pain's desponding hour,
To bid the pangs of struggling sorrow cease,
And to the troubled spirit whisper Peace :
How lone so e'er our fate, how hard our lot,
That e'en, though absent, we are not forgot.

Thus had I written : answering to my strain
Awakes each pleasure, each forgotten pain :
Springs to new life with never-dying power
Boyhood's glad smile, and childhood's happier hour :
And bitter thoughts through my full bosom crossed
Of all which once I had, and now had lost.
Yet still kind memory on its healing wings
A balsam to my wounded spirit brings,
And strives with wayward fancy to recall,
How from thy lips my simple lines would fall.

How haply tears would to my thoughts reply,
Stain thy fair cheek, and dim thy sparkling eye.

Vain hope ! ere from my hand these pages part,
Ere these fond thoughts came gushing to my heart,
Thy sun was set, and breathed thy latest breath,
Cold was that cheek, and closed those eyes in death !


Still shall thy name a magic influence bear,
Speak to each heart, and find an echo there !
Still shall thy words a lamp of guidance be,
Th' ideal perfect still be found in thee !
And still of those, whom thou hast left behind,
If there be one more blest, of heart more kind,
In whose unspotted nature we can trace
More angel-purity, more mortal grace :
If fair and wise, and to her conscience true,
This be her greatest praise, that she resembles you !

What, though they say that to the chastened mind,
By care unfettered and from sin refined,
To the glad soul it boots not whence 'tis given
To leave the earth, and upwards spring to Heaven :
Still be it mine to lay my body there,
Where living ever all my thoughts repair
In that small spot, when seas no more divide,
To sleep my last sleep by my sister's side !

Ambála, North India : July 1844.



HOME AT LAST.

TILL let the memory of my happy home
Live in my living and my dying hour :
Still let the thought, that in the land I roam
Of strangers, o'er me keep its wonted
power !

Still let affection's steady compass turn
To the loved country of the setting sun !
Still let me feel the feeling in me burn :
If not at home, my wanderings are not done !

Yes ! let the cold philosopher pretend,
What boots it where the mouldering body lies,
Whence down to Hell the erring souls descend,
Or whence exulting the blest spirits rise.

Yet there's a feeling in the mortal breast,
Which, if not heavenly, is almost divine.
Where first I breathed, there let my body rest :
Home of my youth, the old man's bones are thine !

Ambála, North India : August 1844.



A GRAVE IN THE HIMALÁYA.

LAID him down in the cold, cold earth,
And fashioned his humble grave,
Far, far from his friends, and the place of
his birth,
Far, far o'er the distant wave.

A few short texts o'er the grave I said,
A few brief words of anguish,
Words such as come, when all hope is fled,
And the heart's affections languish.

I sate me down for one brief hour,
Ere from the spot I tore me,
Though the frowning heavens began to lower,
And a long way lay before me.

O ! ye, who strong in human pride,
Beneath no sorrow bend,
Go, sit in the waste by the cold hillside
On the grave of your dearest friend.

A GRAVE IN THE HIMALÁYA

I thought of him, as when first we met
In radiant youth and gladness,
Unconscious that his sun would set
Beneath such a cloud of sadness.

I thought of him, as by care untried,
With high ambition burning,
With zeal untired, and honest pride,
Affections home-returning.

Unbending 'neath affliction's blow,
Unmoved by Fortune's smile :
No sorrow could his hope lay low,
No joy his heart beguile.

'And is this all,' in despair I cried,
'Of this noble youth remaining ?'
The breeze, through the pine grove as it sighed,
Re-echoed to my plaining.

Slowly I rose, for my o'ercharged heart
With grief's worst throes was starting :
From Memory's waste when will depart
The thought of that sad parting ?

Slowly—alone—o'er the mountain-steep
My weary way I hurried ;
But left my affections, warm and deep,
In the grave where my friend lies buried.

Simla, North India : October 1845.



THE CLOUD-MESSENGER.

(FROM THE SANSKRIT POEM.)



MILE not, ye greatly wise, if in despair
He sought the friendship of this child of
air :

Since on no mortal friends he could prevail,
To ears insensate he outpoured his tale.
For what fond heart has not found sweet relief
To tell its sorrows and unfold its grief?
What wanderer has not mourned stern Fate's decree
On the hillside, or by the sounding sea?
To the lone heart, o'ercharged with heavy woes,
Kind Nature still mute sympathy bestows.
Midst all the blessings which kind Heaven could send,
Though all were friendly, still he found no friend.
Still, as he gazed upon the beauteous scene
Of hanging woods, and cliff embowered in green,
The distant steppes of everlasting snows
Through which in devious course the Satlaj flows

THE CLOUD-MESSENGER

Still would his thoughts by some blest spell repair
To his lost home, and hover fondly there :
In some lone grot embedded in the hill,
By the tall pine and near the sparkling rill,
There for a while with sense entranced he stood
To drink the silence of the murmuring wood :
Upon such scenes his fancy would expand
With dreams and visions of his native land :
Perchance his eye on one sweet spot would rest,
To him the fabled Island of the Blest.

He saw the westward-floating cloud, and there
Poured out his lonely heart-distracted prayer.
' Hail, friendly cloud, and listen to my cry,
As your soft vapours drift and hurry by.
Thou art not bound by those bonds, which confined
The thoughts and motions of poor humankind :
Free and unfettered is thy course to sail
Through the blue ether on the freshening gale,
On hoary mountains' untrod tops to rest,
Or sunny vale, than Aden's self more blest.
Still, wheresoe'er thy wanderings extend,
Poor mortals hail thy coming as a friend.
Who shall thy name and thy proud lineage trace,
Child of an ancient and undying race ?
Born of the line of everlasting snows,
No time, no history, thy cradle knows :
That ancient race, who, when this sphere was young,
O'er the dark firmament of waters hung.

Not yet creative Wisdom had unfurled
From shapeless matter this material world.
Scions of thy great race on Sinai's height
The prophet hid from Israel's awe-struck sight,
And wafted upwards, heavenwards, from afar
The burning wheel-tracks of Elijah's car.
Blest was that cloud, which, when His task was o'er,
Christ the Redeemer from Mount Olive bore :
And, since no earth, nor heaven, are His abode,
Thou veil'st the majesty and throne of God.
On thee weak mortals gaze with wondering eyes,
And daring Science thy fine nature tries,
And Poets, who to Pagan days belong,
Have sung of thee in wild fantastic song.

Ah ! see while hovering still in middle air
Thou seemed to pause to listen to my prayer,
Yon cliff, to stay thy onward course intent,
From thy dark side a dewy mass has rent.
O ! shouldst thou live to cross the briny seas,
And find thy way to distant scenes from these,
Tell them it is a weary task to roam
Far from the sacred ties of friends and home.
O ! weary, weary to lay down, and find
No rest and solace to the aching mind ;
O'er many a wide extended plain to pace,
And still to find no certain resting place :
Tell them that here they are remembered yet,
That, while it beats, this heart can ne'er forget.

THE CLOUD MESSENGER

Though varied Nature all her charms display,
And plants exotic strew my onward way,
All that the sight, the taste, the smell, can please
Seem nought compared with Hatley's good green trees.

Simla, North India : 1845.





SIMLA.

PALE-FACED stranger, what dost thou,
Climbing up yon lofty brow,
Fly from, or what seeks there now ?

Is it because the cool air brings
Health on invigorating wings,
Whence every other blessing springs ?

Or is it that the labouring hours
Hang heavy on thy palsied powers,
Or that the pale-faced Ennui lowers ?

But why protract the little span
Of life ordained to feeble man ?
Why try to thwart the Maker's plan ?

Still, Simla, while thy thousand rills
Flow sparkling, and while Plenty fills
The garner of thy smiling hills :

SIMLA

With thee may ease be found from pains,
Offspring of India's torrid plains,
The throbbing pulse and burning veins :

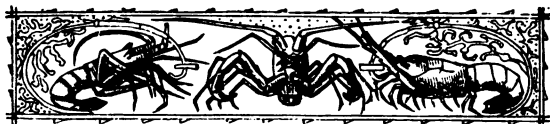
Rest to the o'er-worked, wounded mind,
Freedom from cares long left behind,
Rich blessings to poor humankind.

For thy blest gales bring sure relief
To every pain and every grief,
The pain though sharp, and stay though brief.

And O ! when health revivifies
The flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes,
With thee, in thee, is Paradise.

On the road to Kussowli in North India :
October 1847.





FROM THE PERSIAN.

TO Mecca's shrine, upon his weary way,
By brackish pool no pilgrim cares to stay ;
But where the fountain gushes from the well,
There man and beast a season love to dwell.

So, while Injustice and Confusion reigns,
The weak submit, nor seek relief from pains ;
But, when new order rules, the grateful poor
Urge their petitions at their Ruler's door.

Hoshiarpúr, Panjáb : 1848.





FROM THE PERSIAN.

TO each his country dearer far
Than the throne of Solomon :
Thorns from home, too, dearer are
Than myrtle or than cinnamon.

Joseph, in the pride of State,
Ruling over Egypt's strand,
Sighed, and would have changed his fate,
For poverty in Canaan's Land.

Hoshiarpúr, Panjáb : 1849.





FROM THE HINDI.¹

WHEN on the throne of the parterre
The rose in glory smiled,
With thousand carollings the air
The nightingale beguiled.

But, when stern winter swept the plain,
Nought but a thorn is seen ;
The weeping gardener shows in vain,
Where once his pride had been.

Hoshiarpúr, Panjáb: 1849.

¹ I visited a captive Raja in prison, and read these lines, which he had written on the wall in the language and characters of his country for the purpose of moving my compassion.





*THE MURDER OF AGNEW AND
ANDERSON AT MULTAN, 1848.*

THEIR deaths awoke the slumbering fiends of
war,
And spread the seeds of discord wide and
far ;

No barbarous ages ever o'er the tomb
Of monarchs saw so vast a hecatomb.
From east to west are spread war's dire alarms
And furthest India hurries into arms.
While Albion, distant o'er the foaming main,
Mingles her blood with Asia in the slain.
Closed are the gates of Mercy, and of Heaven :
No lives are spared ; no quarter asked, or given ;
No sacred prayers are o'er their ashes read,
But rattling musketry proclaims the dead ;
No church-tower bells their last sad requiem sound,
But thundering cannon echo all around.
No simple tablet stays the passing friend :
A ruined city speaks their awful end.

THE MURDER OF AGNEW AND ANDERSON

Nations behold ! forbear th' assassin's blow ;
Vengeance will come with certain step, tho' slow.
Though steeped with gore on many a field we've stood,
And every shore is wet with British blood,
Still there are hundreds ready yet to shed
Their heart's best blood t' avenge the slaughtered dead.

Hoshiarpúr, Panjáb : January 1849.





THE ANCIENT LADY.

(A BALLAD.)

SHE had lands in heritage,
She had gold in store,
But with William she was rich,
And without him she was poor.

And soon the tale was told,
The tale was told how soon,
Beneath the spreading chestnuts
And the light of the shining moon.

And he led her to the altar,
His bright and blooming bride :
She gave him lands and castles,
And a loving heart beside.

Then passed a few short years,
And he, the young and brave,
By death was taken from her
To fill an early grave.

THE ANCIENT LADY

Much wished she with him there
Her sorrows to assuage,
But gracious Heaven ordained her
A longer pilgrimage.

She, like a woman true, had wept
At hapless Charles' fate,
And, like a man, she drove away
The Roundheads from her gate.

And when the Stuarts' fortunes fell,
In Worcester's mournful fight,
Much she lamented that the State
Had yielded Right to Might.

But when, in Fortune's turning ball,
Charles had his own again,
She went to welcome her true lord
Up with a lordly train.

Much did she in simplicity
Wonder at what she saw,
At the strange morals of the town,
And laxness of the law.

She saw King Charles' glory, then,
Down like a shadow pass :
She saw his brother throw away
Three kingdoms for a mass.

THE ANCIENT LADY

But while the earnest people
For Constitutions strove,
Her quiet eyelids closed ; her thoughts
Were fixed on Heaven above.

Now the old bed is empty ;
Silent the oaken hall ;
Ne'er will that stately shadow
Along the terrace fall.

Garments, which only yesterday
Could anxious thoughts engage,
Are folded up, as relics
Of a forgotten age.

And now beneath the lindens
The sad procession passed ;
The towers and ancient bulwarks
Upon her looked their last.

And still as nearer, nearer,
They reached the ancient pile,
A hollow murmur whispered
Throughout the cloistered aisle.

All, all her children long ago
Had run their little span ;
One only grandson followed her,
A weak, infirm old man.

THE ANCIENT LADY

But of the third degree,
Many a man was there,
Many a blooming matron,
Many a maiden fair.

And when they turned away,
The solemn ritual o'er,
They scarcely dared to enter
The empty temple's door.

And with that ancient lady
Perished many an ancient tale
Of history, wove with fiction,
Of castle, hill, and vale.

For well she loved to gather
Around her young and old :
Many the quaint old ballad,
Many the tale she told.

Legends of mirth and gladness,
Ditties of war and woe,
Of what their grandsires said and did
A long time ago.

And if on one great-grandson
Above the rest she smiled,
It was the blue-eyed William,
His mother's only child.

THE ANCIENT LADY

And when, in thoughtless childhood,
With cousin Ann he played,
Down the old lady's wrinkled cheeks
The pearly tear-drops strayed.

For busy thoughts then wandered
Back to an ancient theme ;
And Fancy loved to weave again
A long-forgotten dream.

Now in that church, where often
In pious prayer she stood,
Her marble figure stands on high,
In ancient ruff and hood.

And when glad Christmas bells
The annual feast recall,
And all her race are gathered
In their ancestral hall,

Both young and old, infirm and strong,
And babes at mother's breast,
Are gathered round, to gaze upon
The place of her last rest

Appleby, Westmoreland : August 1851.



A FUNERAL IN LONDON.

(A PICTURE.)



LOOKED and saw a sable train
Of wealthy grief pass by,
With all the pomp of ceremony,
And hireling mimicry.

Still, as each mourner would somehow
The tedious way beguile,
Beneath each pocket-handkerchief
I marked the lurking smile.

Methought some passing rich bon mot
About their brother dear
Fell from the fat physician
In the smug chaplain's ear.

Now with a brilliant flourish
The churchyard door is passed ;
Now carelessly the earth
Upon the corpse is cast.

A FUNERAL IN LONDON

And each purse-proud relation
 Manceuvring sneaks away,
Back to his own vocation,
 The business of the day.

And as the creaking gates were closed,
 The only type of woe,
A solitary poor woman
 Was rudely bade to go.

Little thought he, that sexton,
 When he slammed to the door,
That he crushed betwixt the hinges
 A heart sore crushed before.

New to her pauper grief,
 Lone in a busy crowd,
She had knelt beside a mound
 Above a baby-shroud.

She thought of the tiny limbs,
 Rounded in childlike grace,
And the cruel, cruel worms
 On that little chubby face.

But still she shed no tears :
 The fount of grief was dried :
That blest relief of woe
 Nature to her denied.

A FUNERAL IN LONDON

She, like the pelican, her young
With her own blood had fed,
Made daily sacrifice of life
To win its scanty bread.

For it was all she had,
'Twas all that God had given
To strew the wretched path
That lay 'twixt her and Heaven.

London : 1851.





LINES

WRITTEN AT THE BATHS OF DIANA, NEAR SMYRNA, CONVERTED
INTO A PAPER MANUFACTORY WORKED ENTIRELY BY BEAU-
TIFUL GREEK GIRLS.

IN days when tuneful Greece was young,
When heroes lived and poets sung,
In this pellucid wave
Unrobed to view her members fair,
And all untied her golden hair,
Diana used to lave.

And all around amidst the trees
Were clustered the Oreades
To wile the livelong day :
Some sharpen arrows, some bows bend,
And some their rented tunics mend,
Or with their girdles play. .

LINES WRITTEN AT THE BATHS OF DIANA

Years have flown by, and at this hour
Minerva holds Diana's bower :

And here fair nymphs are seen
Forging bright arrows, keener far
Than all the implements of war
Of Cynthia, virgin queen.

Blest instruments of good, on ye
Depend this clime's futurity;
For, at your high command,
Learning revives with wondrous art,
That can to death new life impart,
And light a darkened land !

Smyrna : February 11, 1852.





A DAY IN PALESTINE.

THE breezes freshen ; orient rays
Pour on the marble floor :
Your Arab steed impatient neighs
Before the open door.

Nature exults in Eastern spring :
Sweet odours scent the air :
Strange birds pour forth wild carolling :
Why art thou slumbering there ?

Wake up ; shake off your homesick dream :
Ere sunset you must ride
By Acre's walls, cross Kishon's stream,
And climb Mount Carmel's side.

Your anxious spirit still withhold,
One moment longer stay :
The sacred page awhile unfold,
And turn thee in to pray.

A DAY IN PALESTINE

Pray that, while wandering here, His hand
Your onward path may guide,
And bless that distant Western land,
Where all you love reside.

Pray that, if here aught still remain,
That once a blessing had :
Sweet as the rose on Sharon's plain,
The balm of Gilead :

Rich as the oil on Aaron's beard,
The dew on Hermon's hill :
Such blessings, if your prayer be heard,
May be their portion still.

Then mount : but, when the midday sun
Through all its azure course
Proclaims that half his race is run,
Then stop your jaded horse.

Where yonder palm and stream for you
Water and shade supply,
Sit gazing on the glorious view
Of ocean, earth, and sky.

The sacred leaves unfold again,
Pensive and musing slow
On what has happened on this plain
Three thousand years ago.

A DAY IN PALESTINE

Armies and kings of victory proud
Have hurried down yon cliff :
Rich argosies those waves have ploughed :
Where now a single skiff ?

Heroes have stood with outstretched hand,
And lofty god-like brow,
To set their signet on this land :—
Where are those heroes now ?

Remembering that the soil you tread
Proclaims with accents dumb,
That blessings on a thankless head
May soon a curse become.

But see, the midday heat is past :
Speed onward : you must mount,
And perhaps a lesson that will last
You've learnt at this lone fount.

Now upon grass your footsteps fall ;
Now on the soft sea-sand ;
And now beneath the convent wall
On Carmel's height you stand.

But when night's heralds round you steal,
And shadows o'er you close,
In silence take your evening meal,
In silence seek repose.

A DAY IN PALESTINE

For health of mind and body pray :
Then read one sacred page ;
Twill drive unhallowed dreams away
Or wakeful hours engage.

Thus if you wander, on your track
Rich blessings He will shower,
And joyfully you will look back
On many a Syrian hour.

When eyes are dim with sudden grief,
When cheeks with fever burn,
From such reflections find relief :
Then back to Canaan turn

Cape Bianco, near St. Jean d'Acre, Palestine :
February 1852.





HIRAM'S TOMB.

STAND on Hiram's tomb,
And Tyre before me lies ;
Of Life's fitful fortunes
What memories arise !

King, of all thy greatness
What now remains behind ?
E'en thy stored-up ashes
Are scattered to the wind.

Here thou revelled greatly
Amidst thy sons and wives ;
Here played the kingly game
With thy poor subjects' lives.

Wafted th' obedient sea
Rich argosies for you ;
For you Sidonian damsels
Weaved webs of Tyrian hue.

HIRAM'S TOMB

And when the time came near,
That you, e'en you, must die,
To keep your name for ever !
You raised this tomb on high.

But one sole act unnoticed
Thy memory hangs upon ;
Thou wast King David's friend,
Ally of Solomon.

Thy hills lofty cedars
For God's own house did send ;
Thy cunning workmen built
The palace of thy friend.

Thus thy name was written
In characters of gold,
And gratefully thy help
In that great work is told.

Tyre, cry from thy ashes,
'Great are God's prophecies !'
Thou, Queen, that hast fallen
In the dust from the skies !

Bethsaida and Chorazin
Have perished from the view ;
The judgment day is still
More tolerable for you

HIRAM'S TOMB

Still your name is sounding
On many a foreign lyre,
And eager pilgrims seek
The remnants of old Tyre.

Still the classic story
To youthful ears is told,
How Dido fled her brother
And lade her ships with gold.

Tyre held'st thou in this guise
Thy ocean-girted shore,
When Philip's mighty son
Thundered at thy door ?

Granite columns lying
Baseless on the strand ;
Walls covered with sea-weed ;
Harbours choked with sand.

No ships hastening homeward
With spices in their hold :
No sons clothed with purple,
No dames tired in gold,

But the wild waves splashing
And the sea birds crying :
' In the dust, in the dust,
The great Tyre is lying !'

HIRAM'S TOMB

What though in thy greatness
Thou knew'st not the true God ?
Still thy coasts are sacred,
For here His steps have trod.

Still we remember how,
With wives and children, all
Your early Christians greeted
The blest Apostle Paul.

And when he knelt and prayed
Upon thy yellow sand,
One long enduring blessing
Clove to this hapless land.

Tyre : February 18, 1852.





LINES

INSCRIBED IN THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE CONVENT,
MOUNT CARMEL.

BEATE musâ quâ referam tuas
Carmeles laudes, quo Deus integrum
In monte nomen vindicavit,
Audieratque preces Eliæ !

Multas per oras, multa per æquora
Labore vitæ fessus, et ordine
Vexatus eterno dierum,
Hic tamen inveniam quietem !

Hâc arce raucum prospiciam mare
Vallesque clausas montibus ; hic meæ
Ponenteur ædes : hic tacenti
Reliquiæ jaceant sepulchro !

Mount Carmel : February 19, 1852.



*LINES WRITTEN AT ABRAHAM'S TREE,
NEAR HEBRON IN PALESTINE.*

THREE faiths are gathered round that aged tree,
The only link in this distracted land:
At least the Patriarch's oak to all is free,
And factious rivals here together stand.

First, in fur cap and filthy gaberdine
Unchanged, unchangeable, the Hebrew kneels ;
But still his stern, uncompromising mien
Betrays what in his inmost soul he feels.

He gazes on the crowd with jealous eyes,
And then looks up reproachfully to heaven :
Shall this base Gentile race partake the prize,
Which thousand years ago to him was given ?

Alas ! stiff-neckèd, God-condemned, perverse,
Their thoughts still cling to lost Jerusalem :
They cannot ope their eyes upon the curse,
Which shuts the gate of heaven and hope to them.

LINES WRITTEN AT ABRAHAM'S TREE

Still near their Temple's consecrated stones
In hopeless misery they crowd to weep,
And leave more favoured climes to lay their bones
In that stern vale beneath Moriah's steep.

While Jordan's waves still feed the accursed sea,
While Sion sits upon her mountain throne,
On Mamre's plain while blossoms Abraham's tree,
God's chosen people still will have their own.

In snow-white turban, flowing garments, see
The son of Ishmael, mark his haughty brow ;
His hopes wrapped up in stern fatality,
Secure of heaven and bliss, no matter how.

Sprung from the desert, nurtured by the sword,
One only language his religion knows ;
His hopes of Paradise hang on one word,
'Health to the faithful ! Death to Islam's foes !'

He stands upon the words his Prophet spake,
Let fickle fortune frown, and do her worst :
Let Franks and Nazarenes his empire take,
The Prophet cursed them, and they shall be cursed.

Still fruitlessly he strives with actions rude
Moriah's rock from Christian eye to save ;
Let not the Franks' unhallowed steps intrude
To David's ashes, or Machpelah's cave !

LINES WRITTEN AT ABRAHAM'S TREE

Still in God's name his stately greetings flow ;
On high the loud muezzin calls to prayer ;
But all the pomp of victory is laid low,
And nought but Destiny is written there.

Son of the bondswoman and of the free,
Vain now your threatening look and scornful eye ;
While Christian dogs pollute your sacred tree,
And hated Nazarenes are kneeling by.

Whence come these wanderers? many a distant shore,
Mist-covered mountain, ocean-girted strand,
Have sent these simple suppliants to adore
The God of Abraham in the Promised Land.

Where clothed in woods Caucasian rivers flow,
Where cloudless summer on Italia smiles,
Where Volga tribute pours of centuries' snows,
And Greece sits smiling in her hundred isles :

They come, they come, by fervent faith on-driven,
Cross on the bosom, if not on the heart,
They seek to win an earthly road to heaven,
By bootless pilgrimage and priestly art.

Differing in nation, language, kindred, race,
One only earthly link such spirits bind,
Smit with the wondrous love to view the place,
Where Jesus died for them and all mankind.

LINES WRITTEN AT ABRAHAM'S TREE

All the allurements of their quiet home,
Toils of the way, and perils all forgot,
They kneel in awe beneath the sacred dome,
And touch with lips devout each hallowed spot.

Fair matrons, melting in their firm belief,
Smile at the manger, at the grave in prayer,
As if they felt the joy and shared the grief ;
And ancient men of Abraham's mould are there.

Soft virgins, blushing at the rapturous thought,
How Mary's bosom swelled with modest pride,
When to her ear the wondrous tale was brought :
An angel-messenger stood by her side.

Children with golden locks and sunny glee
Before the altar innocently play ;
And youths, with stalwart form and bended knee,
Bow reverently the head, and try to pray.

O ! judge not harshly, wish that faith was thine,
When peasant lips pour forth with accents wild
Maria's name, of Jesse's ancient line,
The virgin-mother of the God-born child.

And, when they touch these aged boughs, which lend
Leaves to be treasured in their lowly sheds,
O ! that heaven's richest blessings may descend
In dewy showers upon these humble heads !

LINES WRITTEN AT ABRAHAM'S TREE

Perhaps, standing like the Pharisee on high,
When humbler sinners on their knees are seen,
The European traveller you may spy
With sneering lip and criticising mien.

Of faith and penitence alike bereft,
No future confidence, no past belief ;
He cannot weep, alas ! where Jesus wept,
Nor share the hopes of the repentant thief.

Obedient zephyrs waft him where he wills,
And luxury his onward path attends :
His pilgrim-breast no high enthusiasm fills,
His haughty spirit at no altar bends.

Proud of the strength of human intellect,
Nought has escaped his ken of prose or verse :
Science and art each new idea reflect,
That grasps the system of the universe.

Yet would I change for all that boasted lore
One aspiration of a simple heart :
The faith of ancient days is valued more
Than all the miracles of modern art.

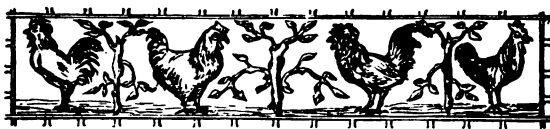
The ancient faith, that dwelt in Abraham's breast,
And bade him leave alone Chaldea's strand ;
Although he had no place his foot to rest,
He knew his children would possess that land.

LINES WRITTEN AT ABRAHAM'S TREE

The faith, that shineth like the evening-star
In darkest night (so may it shine on me !):
And led these simple pilgrims from afar
To Hebron's sepulchre and Abraham's tree.

Palestine : March 4, 1852.





*TO MY FATHER, WITH A BRANCH OF
OLIVE FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES,
JERUSALEM.*



HAT choicest present can I send
To thee, my dearest earliest friend ?
Accept this olive bough.
Would that I could partake with you
The sweet but melancholy view,
That lies before me now !

I stand on consecrated earth :
Distant or near, each place gives birth
To deep and serious thought.
This place all time, all history, fills,
For in the circuit of these hills
Was man's salvation wrought.

TO MY FATHER

Is all this true, or do I seem
To realise a pleasing dream ?
Have I not seen before
Those cypresses athwart the sky,
Those white-robed idlers glancing by
Across the Temple's floor ?

Each dome, each minaret, each tower,
Softened in twilight's magic hour,
The slopes with olive crowned :
The footpath up the lone hillside,
The horrid chasm yawning wide,
The solemn heights around ?

Gaze on, and, if your inmost soul
Convulsive heaves, without control
If falls the chastened tear,
Grudge not such homage ; this has been
Of deepest misery the scene :
Jesus stood weeping here.

And many a Christian saint since then,
Mailed warriors, faith-devoted men,
Crowned monarchs, matrons fair,
Have struggled hard through pain and toil
To win this consecrated soil,
And died exulting there.

TO MY FATHER

And if in this degenerate age
I've won an easier pilgrimage,
And stood on Sion's hill,
O ! may the thoughts such moments give
In grateful recollection live,
In heart a pilgrim still !

Though monkish legends idly weave
Tales, such as simpler souls believe,
While bolder scoff at them,
Relentless war and time's decay
Have swept, alas ! all trace away
Of old Jerusalem.

Still Olivet's green heights look down
Upon the stern embattled town :
Still Kedron murmuring flows :
Still Hinnom's vale, Siloam's fount,
Fast by Moriah's sacred mount
The pious pilgrim knows.

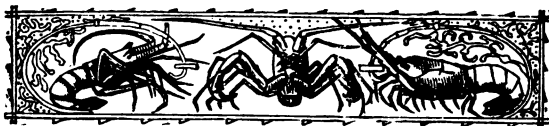
These leaves a deeper sense unfold
To me, for, as the dove of old
Across the ocean wide,
A leaf of olive in its beak,
Of hope, of home, of rest, to speak
Returned to Noah's side :

TO MY FATHER

So take this bough, and may it tell
(Since words can never speak so well)
What thoughts my bosom fill ;
Where'er my wandering footsteps bend,
My earliest and my dearest friend,
That thou art with me still.

Jerusalem : February 28, 1852.





*THE PARTING OF FELLOW-
TRAVELLERS.*

HOW strange it is, when roads divide,
To find good friends dividing too,
To part from my companion's side,
With moistened eyes to bid adieu !

We only met upon the road,
Differing in nation, language, creed :
I never asked him his abode,
Nor asked he mine ; what had we need ?

For sympathising souls had found
A link our inmost thoughts to blend :
Two strangers stood on holy ground,
Two Christians called each other Friend.

How many subjects did we trace
Back to one source, one, only one ?
To Him, the Saviour of our race,
Who here His earthly course had run.

THE PARTING OF FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

For this enchanted land awoke
Feelings, that deep had slumbered long :
Rich recollections o'er us broke,
And bore us history's tide along.

One had by travel, toil, and thought,
And battling hard with men, been tried ;
His mind to bear on all had brought,
From lively to severe to glide :

Lightening each subject with a ray
Of gladsome art or classic lore,
And charming all the tedious way
With memory's rich fantastic store.

But all the other's studious hours
Within the convent's walls had passed,
And, while maturing mental powers,
A gloom of shadow o'er him cast.

'Neath scorching sun, in stormy weather,
We climbed the mount, we crossed the river :
Perils and pains we shared together,
And now we part, we part, for ever.

Yet thee will memory still entwine
With much my thoughts will love to treasure,
And perhaps some wayward words of mine
May rise again to thee with pleasure.

THE PARTING OF FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

Truly the Indian poets say,
‘New friends beget new loads of sorrow :’
For if to meet is sweet to-day,
How bitterer far to part to-morrow !

On the road betwixt Sychem and Samaria, Palestine :
March 1852.





DAMASCUS.

WHERE bowered in woods Shám's hundred
minarets gleam,
And Hermon's heights with snow the land-
scape crown ;

Where Pharphar and Abána pour their streams,
And burning deserts in the distance frown,

The Prophet reined his steed, fresh from the blood
Of slaughtered priest and butchered Nazarene ;
Upon the heights that crown the vale he stood,
And gazed with wistful eye upon the scene,

Then turned away. ' Enough for me,' he cries.
' Prophet of God, yet still of mortal birth,
I seek to win in death a Paradise,
And dare not living taste a Heaven on earth.

No ! Antichrist, it was not thus ; thy fear
Was baser far, lest on thy sight should fall
The vision of the risen Lord, as here
Stood in the path of vengeance-breathing Saul.

DAMASCUS

Happier for thee if thou this fate had known :

To Saul a lighter punishment was given,
On earth his earthly errors to atone,
And lead a throng of penitents to Heaven.

But thou ! we dare not curse thee, for we know

Thou wast the feeble instrument of God,
His mighty will to execute below,
And chasten nations with avenging rod

Thou couldst thyself, thy followers, deceive,
And hypocrite, God's messenger forsooth,
Fantastic webs of human fiction weave
With lying fables, tho' resembling truth.

Still thy tall minarets cut the azure sky ;
Still faithful devotees their heads incline ;
Still echoes through the crowded street the cry
Coupling the name of God, the Great, with thee.

Yet dimmed the lustre of thy conquering arms :
Doctrines no longer such as thine can please :
Vain now thy houries spread their mortal charms :
The time is passed for witcheries such as these.

For from the west a brighter sun is dawning,
Learning and true religion in its track :
On balmy wings the dayspring of the morning
To oriental climes is wafting back.

Zebdání, in Anti-Lebanon, Syria : March 28, 1852.



SCENE IN LEBANON.

I GAZED on the mountains,
Mountains of Lebanon :
Never a fairer scene
Have my eyes looked upon.

Vale sweeping upon vale,
From the clouds to the sea ;
Hills lined with terraces,
Crowned with many a tree.

The apricots in blossom ;
The mulberries in line ;
Rich promises of harvest,
The olive and the vine.

Horrid chasms yawning,
Which the eye seemed to shun ;
Houses shining brightly
In the declining sun.

SCENE IN LEBANON

Wild, wild torrents dashing
From the close netted wood ;
Slender bridges spanning
The deep discoloured flood.

Heavy vapours drifting
Up the lonely hillside,
Where fancy sits gazing
On the far prospect wide.

That stern line of headlands
Fringed with bright sparkling foam,
And those blue dancing waves,
That have borne me from home.

Cattle winding lowing
From the sequestered glen,
Cheery voices mingling,
Of women and of men.

While from yonder convent
Sounds the evening bell ;
Ave Maria ! hear me ;
What magic in thy spell ?

Heart beating convulsive ;
Tears starting in the eyes ;
O ! if there be on earth,
Here there is Paradise !

Mount Lebanon : March 1852.



*PROTESTANT HYMN TO THE VIRGIN
MARY.*

NOT as weak mortals paint
The fair, the sinless Saint,
In outward form of pomp, and gems, and
gold :
Not such true Christians see
Thy pure reality,
Purer than mortal brush or pen can e'er unfold.

O ! tell me in what guise
Before thy modest eyes
Stood the seraphic messenger from heaven,
Saying, ' From thee shall spring
The Saviour, Israel's King ;
Blest among women : ' this thy name was given.

PROTESTANT HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY

Leaving thy Nazareth
To greet Elizabeth,
To Judah's mountains now thy footsteps hie ;
And in low Bethlehem,
City of David's stem,
Thou listeneth meekly to thy Infant's cry.

As the wise men depart
Thou pondereth in thy heart,
Committing all, thy Son, thyself, to God.
Escaped the tyrant's hand
In Egypt's friendly land,
In peace thou seeketh thy beloved abode.

Thou, offering of love,
Bringeth the turtle-dove ;
Simon and Anna spake of Israel's King :
He at the Temple gate
'Midst the grave doctors sate,
While thou and Joseph sought Him sorrowing.

Blest with the sight of thee
Cana in Galilee
Saw the pure fountain blushing into wine.
Thee the Tiberian Sea,
And humble Bethany,
Saw fondly watching o'er thy Son divine.

PROTESTANT HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY

When in Jerusalem
All had deserted Him,
Thy woman's love dared tread the Mournful Way.
Weeping thy heavy loss
Beside th' accursed cross,
Thou stood'st the Mournful Mother on that cruel day.

And as on earth His last
Forgiving glance He cast,
Ere with loud shout His Spirit sprung to Heaven,
With filial duty He
Turned His last thought to thee :
To thee this rapturous high reward was given.

Pierced was her bosom then,
Beloved disciple, when
Thou took'st thy virgin childless mother home.
Still spite of death to prove
Her never-dying love,
To the closed tomb her drooping footsteps come.

O change ! O wondrous day !
Bursting the walls of clay,
The bond of death and Satan's dreary chain,
Thy Son returns once more,
More glorious than before,
On Heaven and Earth for ever more to reign.

PROTESTANT HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY

When at Gennesaret
His true disciples met,
We doubt not in that gathering thou wast one :
And when on Olive's height,
Clouds bore Him from their sight,
Mankind being saved, the Saviour's mission done.

Since in the sacred book
For more we vainly look,
To no fond legends we our faith accord ;
But, till our life's breath fail,
Thee, Mary, we will hail,
'Blest among women, Mother of our Lord.'

Maidens in thee will find
Type of the purest mind,
Humble submission, meekest piety :
And, long as mothers know
Deep sympathy of woe,
Turn they to her, who stood on Calvary.

Banda, North India : August 1854.





THE GREAT DUKE.

MEN will ask hereafter how
He did look,
Europe's tyrant from his throne
He who shook ;
Tell it then with grateful pride,
How amongst us he did ride ;
How respectful crowds divide
For the Duke.

As he slowly passes by,
Look at him ;
Mark the eagle eye beneath his
Narrow brim.
Those silvery locks, that manner cold,
Head stooping 'neath his neckcloth's fold,
Hard profile of Roman mould,
Stern and grim.

THE GREAT DUKE

Not such the guise he bore
At that time
He led victorious Britons o'er
India's clime.
Darker locks and youthful grace :
Still, prophetic eye could trace
All the hero in his face
In his prime.

Heavier toils than these his
Manhood knew ;
He was one to meet them all
Staunch and true.
He could play the winning game,
Check wild valour's reckless flame,
Till the crowning victory came,
Waterloo.

Four sovereigns filled his cup
To the brim,
And honoured thought themselves
Honouring him.
Age his hand upon him lays ;
Day by day his strength decays ;
Ears no longer hear our praise ;
Eyes are dim.

THE GREAT DUKE

But is the old man's spirit broke
In repose ?
No ! storms may rage, but British oak
Firmer grows.
As now 'midst the shouting throng
Firm unmoved he moves along,
Dauntless once he rode among
England's foes.

When snarling hounds arouse the
Lion's ire,
Flashes at intervals, ere
It expire,
The spirit once that kings could tame,
Like the expiring candle's flame ;
Exhausted craters thus proclaim
Hidden fire.

.
Of Britain's ship the figure-head,
Walmer's steep
Knew him long and well, and there
He fell asleep.
Still there his spirit stalks abroad
On barbéd steed with naked sword,
His English shores from Gallic fraud
Safe to keep.

On receiving the news of the Duke's death. Banáras, North
India : October 1852.



THE GOOD PROCONSUL.

HE sits in marble in full state ;
So on the Bema once he sate,
While he dispensed his country's laws
Amidst the popular applause ;
And, when it was his turn to fall
Before a higher tribunal,
Then grateful Athens raised this stone
Over against the Parthenon.

Faint now the trace he left behind
Of all he did for human kind ;
Yet still his stony eyes drink in
The charming prospect, and the din
Of the humming people's cries
To his dull closed ears uprise.
The good Proconsul sits alone
Over against the Parthenon.

THE GOOD PROCONSUL

O ! midst the sickening cares of State,
Learn to be good as well as great ;
If such your aspirations, then
No trade so grand as ruling men ;
The gentle word, the open hand,
Weigh more than harsh and high command.
Thus kindly may my memory dwell
In the fair region, which I love so well !

Banda, North India : 1854.





THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

YES, ye no longer see, but eager try
To catch a glimpse of Immortality !
Ears, are ye deaf at last ? still strive to hear
The opening music of the sounding sphere !
To meet the Saviour, hands, yourselves prepare,
Fast bound together in the act of prayer !
Soul, you are free at last ! the path is trod,
That leads your essence pure and free to God !

Lebanon : 1852.





*LINES IN THE BURIAL GROUND OF
ALEXANDRIA, IN EGYPT.*

YE, who hitherward incline,
Take heed to mark the sculptured line :
'Tis theirs to-day, to-morrow thine.

The same dull tale so often told ;
The grief so trite, the words so cold ;
Is death then never growing old ?

He takes all age, each sex, in turn ;
Mothers for their infants mourn ;
Widows place their husband's urn

But she, who once stood weeping here
A few short months, a little year ;
She lies inclosed in yonder bier.

Or perhaps a bitter tale is told,
Or ever that her weeds were old,
Her fickle heart became consoled.

LINES IN A BURIAL GROUND

This one of iron frame was cast,
Through eighteen lustra he had past,
He died unwillingly at last.

His parting cup no sorrows steep,
His loving children round him weep ;
He ate, he drank, he fell asleep.

His neighbour quaffed the dregs of life,
With fortune waged unequal strife,
Reft of children, home, and wife.

This one by God was sorely tried ;
The grave gaped open for her wide ;
At length death pitied her—she died !

Do not think of what they'll say
Above thy tomb, but rather pray
To win Salvation as you may.

Of life you cannot stop the stream ;
New sunshine on their grief will gleam ;
Eyes will again begin to beam.

They gather round the much-loved spot,
Your name not mentioned, perhaps forgot,
The only change, that you are not.

LINES IN A BURIAL GROUND

If sudden chance your name should raise,
'Tis coupled with some tender phrase,
Or heaped with undeservéd praise.

Friends' affection do not task,
Cold-hearted mourners do not ask
To weep for thee, and wear a mask.

Forsooth they say, 'His race is run,
His lot fulfilled, his duty done ;
None wonder at the setting sun.'

Some perhaps say, 'He lives too long :
A man at seventy looking strong
Is one that does his children wrong.'

Is it better then to die,
While there's some one, who will try
To stain the cheek and dim the eye?

No, I trow not ; why destroy
The sweet short breathing-time of joy,
Which human ills too soon will cloy?

Would you selfish wish to leave
A kind fond heart your loss to grieve,
And unavailing sighs to heave?

LINES IN A BURIAL GROUND

Why after running life's brief race
Care to leave a puny trace,
Which perhaps the next hour will efface ?

Fall rather like a useless thorn,
No friends to grieve, no foes to mourn,
As if you never had been born.

O ! let my memory fondly last,
Enshrined with those, who on the past
A random recollection cast !

Alexandria : April 18, 1852.





MAIDEN AND ROSE.



FRIEND his last look on thee throws,
Maiden and rose !
The summer's heat and winter's strife,
The weary joys of selfish life,
No more will vex thy calm repose,
Maiden and rose !

From your remains a perfume blows,
Maiden and rose !
Sweet charms that still in memory live,
And leaves, that dead an odour give,
Shed blessings on thy calm repose,
Maiden and rose !

No cold oblivions o'er you close,
Maiden and rose !
Above your tomb fresh buds will spring,
And little sisters offerings bring
Of tears and sighs, where you repose,
Maiden and rose !

MAIDEN AND ROSE

One heart your loss most keenly knows,
Maiden and rose !

The parent-tree will bend and sigh,
Where her sweetest rosebuds lie,
And loving arms around you throws,
Maiden and rose !

On your grave the green grass grows,
Maiden and rose !
The redbreast there will love to tread,
And sweetest sunshines oft will shed
Their balmy dews where you repose,
Maiden and rose !

Banda, North India : 1853.

N.B. — The allusion is to the French custom of burying rosebuds in the grave of a young girl, and planting rosebuds round it.





THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

HIGH blows the wind to-day,
Roaring loud :
Driving through the heavenly way
Fleecy cloud :
Careful bind your winter-vest
Closely round the heaving breast !
How many have no place of rest
In this crowd !

How many a friend of mine
Is this day
Battling with the stormy brine
And the spray !
Let me in my morning-prayer
Think of them without despair,
For our God is always there,
Where we stray.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY

How many a wretch does keep
Couch of woe,
Whose eyes one blessed hour of sleep
Never know?
Give me then a grateful heart,
Tears ready from my eyes to start,
And hands unfolded to impart,
As I go,

Leaves are falling from the trees ;
So fall we.
Borne hither, thither, by the breeze ;
So friends flee.
Nature o'er the earth will fling
New glories of the opening spring,
But lost friends no day will bring
Back to me.

Written on my elephant during my morning march. Banda,
North India : March 1853.





*THE HINDU NOTION OF A FUTURE
STATE.*

(FROM THE SANSKRIT.)

MAITRÉYA (*the Pupil*).

PARÁSURA, you've told me
All that I wished to hear,
How out of chaos sprung this
God-made hemisphere.

How zone on zone, and sphere on sphere,
In ever-varying forms
The wondrous egg of Brahma
With living creatures swarms.

All great and small, all small and great,
On their own acts depend :
All their terrestrial vanities
In punishment must end.

Released from Yáma they are born
As men, as beasts, again,
And thus in countless circles still
Revolving still remain.

Tell me, O ! tell me what I ask,
What you alone can tell :
By what acts only mortal men
Can free themselves from Hell ?

PARÁSURA (*the Teacher*).

Listen, Maitréya, best of men.
The question you have brought
Was once by royal Nákula
Of aged Bhishma sought.

And thus the hoary sage replied :
Listen, my Prince, this tale
A Brahman guest once told me
From far Kalinga's vale.

He from an ancient Muni too
The wondrous secret gained,
In whose clear mind of former births
The memory remained.

HINDU FUTURE STATE

Never before had human ear
The tale mysterious heard :
Such as it was I tell it you,
Repeating word for word.

As from the coil of mortal birth
Released the Muni lay,
He heard the awful King of Death
Thus to his menials say :

Touch not, I charge thee, any one,
Whom Vishnu has let loose :
On Madhu-sudan's followers
Cast not the fatal noose.

Brahma appointed me to rule
Poor erring mortals' fate,
Of evil and uncertain good
The balance regulate.

But he, who chooses Vishnu
As spiritual guide,
Slave of a mightier lord than me,
Can spurn me in my pride.

As gold is of one substance still,
Assume what form it can,
So Vishnu is the self-same power
As Beast, as God, or Man.

HINDU FUTURE STATE

And as the drops of watery spray
 Raised by the wind on high,
Sink slowly down again to earth
 When calm pervades the sky,

So particles of source divine
 Created forms contain :
When that disturbance is composed
 They reunite again.

But tell us, Master, they replied,
 How shall thy slaves descry
Those who with heart and soul upon
 The mighty Lord rely?

O ! they are those who truly love
 Their neighbours, them you'll know,
Who never from their duty swerve
 And would not hurt their foe.

Whose hearts are undefiled
 By soil of Kali's age,
Who let not others' hoarded wealth
 Their envious thoughts engage.

No more can Vishnu there abide,
 Where evil passions sway,
Than glowing heat of fire reside
 In the moon's cooling ray.

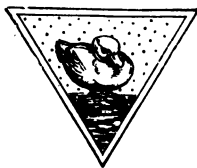
HINDU FUTURE STATE

But those, who covet others' wealth,
Whose hearts are hard in sin,
And those whose low degraded souls
Pride rampant reigns within :

Whoever with the wicked sit,
And daily frauds prepare,
Who duties to their friends forget :
Vishnu has nothing there.

Such were the orders that the King
Of Hell his servants gave :
For Vishnu his true followers
From death itself can save.

Banda, North India : August 1853.





EQUANIMITY.

SOMETIMES when sweet thoughts beguile,
When friends surround and loved ones smile,
The world appears so wondrous fair :
I seem as if I walked in air,
And roses sprang beneath my feet :
I cry, 'How blest this world ! How sweet !'

At other times, when cares oppress,
In intervals of dire distress,
Some painful news has reached my ear ;
Some loved one laid in early bier ;
Some hope dashed down ; some purpose crossed ;
Some moment of advantage lost :
Cast down I broken-hearted cry,
'This world, how full of misery !'

EQUANIMITY

Lord ! let my thoughts be fixed on Thee
In undisturbed tranquillity !
When soaring in the air I ride,
Control my spirit, curb my pride,
Attributing prosperity
Not to myself, but always Thee.

When crushed beneath some blow I lie,
Let me raise no desponding cry ;
Let me perceive Thy hand in all ;
In Thee I rise, in Thee I fall !

Banda, North India : September 1853.





*FRAGMENT DURING MY EVENING
WALK.*



STOP, villager, and gaze upon the glowing
scene
Of unasked blessings and of wealth untold ;
Lowlands with promise of the springtime
green,
And uplands burnished with the autumn gold.

Who set the fountains of yon river free ?
Who fixed the basement of yon noble hill ?
Who hung the luscious fruit on yonder tree,
The pleasure and the wants of man to fill ?

Hast thou no thanks to God, who gave you all ?
No sins for which in sorrow to atone ?
Canst thou thus basely to your idol fall,
And mutter senseless prayer to senseless stone ?

Banda, North India : 1854.



*THE BIRDS FLYING HOME AT
EVENTIDE.*

THOUGHTS, thoughts, unchained ye fly
Like the wingèd trains on high
We know not whither
Journeying lightly through the skies,
And, as some new scenes arise,
Hastening thither.

Ye leave no traces as ye go ;
No followers your path can show,
Save one light feather,
Which, falling from your airy track,
In after days to bring you back,
Fondly I gather.

O happy thoughts, whence do ye spring ?
Lost happiness, lost peace, ye bring
With vain endeavour.
I know too well, as bright ye glance
From spot to spot in wakening trance :
'Tis lost for ever !

THE BIRDS FLYING HOME AT EVENTIDE

Why should I build in sunny air
Castles of hope, surpassing fair,
 My past forgetting ?
Dark dreary clouds are gathering round ;
The castled towers fall to the ground ;
 My sun is setting.

Lost friendships, useless idle hours,
Perverted talents, wasted powers
 Canst thou bring back ?
Canst bid the grave restore its dead ?
Canst bid the blissful hour long fled
 Turn on its track ?

One thing you can, ye birds of air !
O ! thither let my thoughts repair,
 Heavenward soaring !
On no false pleasing future dream ;
Contented with the present seem,
 The past deploring.

In my garden. Banda, North India : September 1853.





*THE GRAVE OF A BABY IN AN
INDIAN JUNGLE.*

HEAD to yon sheltered nook,
And spread my carpet there,
And while I rest alone
My evening meal prepare.

Let Fancy paint, whose grave
Beneath yon turflet swells,
Midst violets entombed
And twining daffodils.

O ! many a day has passed
Since one bright summer morn,
Here in this lonely waste
A beauteous babe was born.

In novelty of love
The girlish mother smiled,
And to her little breast
Pressed this her first-born child.

THE GRAVE OF A BABY

Babe, gaily didst thou smile
On this thy day of birth,
Gazing so thoughtfully
On the fair things of earth !

High o'er thy tiny head
O'erarched the tamarind's bough,
And blithely sang the birds,
As they are singing now !

Many an insect wild
Buzzed o'er thee that long day ;
But with the butterfly at eve
Thy spirit passed away !

Thy father dug that grave,
And placed that funeral stone,
Midst sighs, and tears, and prayers,
And left thee there alone !

The people of the grove
Nightly thy requiem sing ;
The little redbreasts here
Their annual offerings bring !

Where is that mother now ?
Far o'er the blue, blue sea :
Many another babe
Has climbed upon her knee !

THE GRAVE OF A BABY

Her richly auburn hair
Has long since turned to snow :
Many a joy and sorrow
Her chastened spirits know !

But often, oh ! how oft
Her thought flies back to thee,
Back to this sheltered nook
Beneath the tamarind tree !

The spot where once she heard
Her first-born infant's cry,
And felt her bosom swell
With young maternity !

Banda, North India : April 1854.





MY GARDEN.



ASK me not why I fly
From worldly company,
The noise and toil of cities, and the hum,
In my own sweet parterre
To drink the evening air,
And let my thoughts unfettered go and
come.

Alone, yet not alone :
No king upon his throne
Can near him have so bright a court as mine :
No envy here is shown,
And flattery unknown,
And all the guests in heavenly vestures shine.

With grave and stately grace
She takes the foremost place,
The blue-eyed Goddess, who in Athens dwells :
She bids me proudly scorn
Cares from low passion born,
With which the aching bosom vainly, madly swells.

MY GARDEN

Come, then, Astronomy,
And grant thy power to me
To sweep the heavens with distance-piercing ray:
See world on world appear
Beyond cærulean sphere,
And distant stars in everlasting day.

Let History unfold
The tale divinely told
Of Godlike mortals, who in days bygone
Played out their short career
From cradle to the bier,
Then passed away, each when his task was done.

O come, thou Muse so sweet,
And near me take thy seat,
Touch thy loud harp in pensive symphony ;
Deftly thy music blends
: With thoughts of absent friends,
And the dear home beyond the sounding sea.

Fragment. Banda, North India : August 1854.





A DAY IN INDIA.

AT sunrise to the Courts my steps repair,
And on my shoulders rest a load of care,
Unnumbered suitors for my aid appeal,
And my charged brains with varied interests
reel :

Still be it mine with philanthropic art
And gentle words to soothe the wounded heart ;
Though mine no magic wand, I've still the will
To grant each wish, and cure each mortal ill,
By gentle reason win the erring mind,
And scatter blessings on poor humankind.
Still on my steps the hopeless plaintiffs speed,
And shameless misery stops my homeward steed,
Into my hand some wretched scrawl is thrust ;
An aged form before me licks the dust.
Poor aged form ! how many a time have I
Remarked those weary limbs, that anxious eye !
Why did stern nature place within thy breast
A thirst litigious, which knows no rest ?

A DAY IN INDIA

For one small rood of land thy doubtful right,
Has cost thee weary days and many a hungry night.
To me my well-thatched roof now grants repose :
From the cool bath new health reviving flows ;
One hour of balmy sleep restores my powers ;
Then gently fall the sands of peaceful hours.
To my old studies then again I turn ;
On Indian soil the classic altars burn.
Thus flies the day, by others found so long :
Oh ! could some magic art these days prolong !
But when the sun's meridian heat is past,
And a long shadow on the walls is cast,
I hasten to my glittering gay parterre,
And spread my carpet in the open air.
Short is the magic spell ; with silver sheen
The moon lights up a strangely beauteous scene :
Lamps glance upon the hill, and from the town
Come sounds by distance sweetly softened down.
Down the lone walks with thoughtful steps I tread,
Musing on friends far off and days long fled,
Then upwards turns the speechless, grateful eye
For many a blessing, many a joy gone by ;
And this one thought consoles my struggling breast :
'Whatever is ordained by God is best.'
Or perhaps some wretched suppliant draws near
With weary tale to woo my secret ear :
With clasped hands his eager words disclose
Some village tyranny, some rural woes.

But vain my labours, all my day-dreams vain,
To try the intellect or load the brain,
To cull romantically in idle hour
Of every clime, and every tongue, the flower ;
Ope treasures of the past with daring hand,
Or raise the veil of future fairyland.
For, let the wise deride, the proud decry,
'Tis not for fortune, not for fame, we sigh.
Each in his inner soul, his inmost heart,
Has secret hopes, from which he dare not part,
Hopes that crowd round me mingled with despair,
Of *her*, who might have deigned this home to share.
For shame ! *thou* wast not born for hopes like these,
For social pleasures or domestic ease ;
Not *thine*, sweet helpmate by thy side to see
Or smiling children climbing on thy knee.
To *thee* hard fortune has not shown the way
To paint like Raphael, or to write like Gray,
To sweep the skies in search of hidden stars,
Or fall heroic on the plains of Mars.
Thine, Roman, is a harder duty known,
To leave thy country and to stand alone :
Stand as a beacon in a stranger's land,
Curb conquered nations with unflinching hand !
When, after showers, by pitying east winds shed,
Exhausted Nature rears her drooping head,
'Neath groves of palms, by wild romantic streamis,
In Indian pomp my canvas palace gleams.

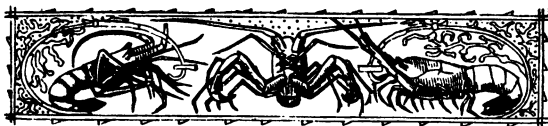
On high Heaven's glorious arch scarce bounds the view,
And prospects tints with pure celestial blue :
In garlands green around my tent appear
Autumnal trophies of the closing year.
On every bough the mina and the dove
Pour forth a tale of tuneful endless love.
From tree to tree in gay, barbaric pride,
The giant-creeper proudly seems to stride.
Above, below, the busy insect hums,
And all the Orient to my vision comes.
See, where the many-columned Pípal stands,
A substitute for temples made by hands ;
No fretted roof keeps back the prayer from Heaven
A wider space for orisons is given ;
And scarce to earth the worshippers belong,
When all God's creatures join in choral song.
Or else the wings of early morn I take,
And rouse the partridge from the forest brake,
Dash from my horse's hoofs the sparkling dew,
Or track the startled deer with wild halloo.
But, if rebellion in this land, which Heaven
For its own purpose wise to us has given,
Uprears its head, the pen is laid aside,
And to the fight in proud array I ride,
With steady purpose and unflinching will,
Crush the offence, but spare the offender still,
And bid the rustics after war's alarms
Turn to their unscathed homes and their uninjured farms.

A DAY IN INDIA

Rest thee awhile, and dwell on scenes like these,
If aught of Nature's work thy soul can please ;
Far, far from cities, and those thoughts which tear,
And shake mankind with never-ceasing care.
How often, when, my time of exile done,
I hasten backwards to the setting sun,
With fond regret will jaded thoughts repair
To the lone tent beneath the balmy air,
To happy hours on India's sandy plain,
And all the freedom of my rural reign !

Banda, North-West Provinces, India : August 1854.





SCUTARI HOSPITAL.

MOANING in agony,
Writhing with pain,
Fighting the dreadful fight
Over again ;
Hearts yearning for home,
Yearning in vain,
Tears over manly cheeks
Pouring like rain.
Thus through the dreary day
And dreary night,
Lie England's soldiers
After the fight !

Flitting like angels
From bed to bed,
Cooling the parched lips
And aching head
Of the poor mangled limb
Loosening the bands

SCUTARI HOSPITAL

Wiping the clammy brows
With tender hands.
Thus through the dreary night
And dreary day,
To England's nurses
Hours pass away !

Many a blessing,
Many a prayer,
Burst from rough lips for
Those angels there.
England sends gladly
Her mighty sons,
With implements of war,
And battering guns.
And England's daughters
Proudly repair,
In Liberty's battle,
Perils to share !

On my road home from India to England : April 20, 1855.





SILLY BILLY AT WINDSOR.

WHERE pomp and pride a place have found,
Unfit for consecrated ground,
In Windsor's bannered choir,
One lowly simple sinner kneels,
Feels what he prays, prays what he feels,
No thoughts aspiring higher.

Marking the moments as they fly
With anthem, chant, and litany,
Morning and evening psalm,
In interlude of prayer and song
Days, weeks, and years have sped along
A still unbroken calm.

No sordid cares his thoughts employ,
Prayer his sole business and his joy ;
He toils not, neither reaps.
Fed like the ravens of the air,
Heaven-vestured like the lily, there
He faithful vigils keeps.

SILLY BILLY AT WINDSOR

In that proud chancel true and well
By shifting banners we can tell
 That kings and peers have gone,
And Time in his unceasing track
Has bent poor Silly Billy's back,
 But left his wits alone.

Soon as the chime proclaims the hour,
Clanging from Cæsar's rugged tower
 The idiot hurries there.
He knows each psalm, each prayer, by heart,
And plays the unimportant part
 Of unpaid worshipper.

Oh ! ye who smile in human pride
At the poor idiot by your side,
 Yourselves less gifted own !
No sins has he to answer for,
No crimes are lying at his door,
 No evils to atone.

And who shall say what thoughts of Heaven
To such a simple soul is given,
 When hallelujahs rise ?
And, when the swelling organ peals,
On his enraptured vision steals
 What glimpse of paradise ?

SILLY BILLY AT WINDSOR

What visions so exceeding bright
Of God's ineffable light
 Illume that darkened mind ?
What influences of holy calm,
As prayer alternates with the psalm,
 A secret entrance find ?

I doubt not, when we hear on high
The angel's trumpet-sounding cry
 In new Jerusalem,
There will be set, some place apart
For low in souls and pure in heart,
 For sinners such as him.

Entranced by beauty art ne'er paints
Her types of angels, or of saints,
 In garb so mean and rude;
Yet who dare say at Heaven's high door,
The awful throne of God before,
 No form like his has stood ?

Windsor : April 1856.





*THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM
THE CRIMEA.*

LONDON throws wide its gate ;
Amidst the city's din
The Queen goes out in state
To see the Guards come in.
Fond bosoms beat no more,
Parents embrace their son,
For the great fight is o'er,
And England's task is done.
But amidst the noise,
The tumult and uproar,
Think of those who calmly sleep
On Alma's gently sloping steep,
And Balaclava's shore !

Weave laurels for the brave,
Our army and our fleet,
And not a man we leave
To bear the summer's heat.

RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM THE CRIMEA

Ah me ! to hearth and heart
Some warriors come not home ;
For them new teardrops start,
Griefs heavier become.
No summer's heat, no winter's snows,
Can vex again their calm repose :
In martial cloak, and sword by side,
Bravely they stood, and bravely died,
On the Crimean shore !

Plenty will fill her horn,
Richer with English blood,
Luxuriant stands the corn,
Where once our legions stood.
And when the plough turns up
Some skull or broken spear,
If after ages wonder,
What brought these strangers here,
Let faithful legend tell ;
In no dynastic strife they fell,
But battling for a righteous cause,
For Freedom's rights and Freedom's laws ;
And men can do no more.

Rank after rank, line after line,
In terrible array,
Step after step with dauntless mien,
They win their bloodstained way :

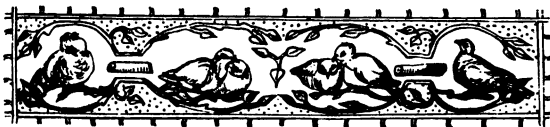
RETURN OF THE GUARDS FROM THE CRIMEA

Round them the battle and the glare ;
Shot round them fell.
They win the stream, they pause, and there
Sounded our loved one's knell.
His dying gaze on Heaven was bent,
His last thought to his Father sent.
They laid him in his grave alone,
And carved a rude memorial-stone
On the Crimean shore.

Would that it were my lot,
As he then felt, to feel,
In such a cause and spot
Die for my country's weal.
There are, who waste their hours
In wild and wanton play,
Or, like the gathered flowers,
Languish and fade away,
But all his race will talk with pride
Of that great battle, where he died ;
Our children will connect their name
With *him*, who died the death of fame
On the Crimean shore.

London : June 1856.





THE FRIBURG TREE.



ALL those who can draw sword, or who
Can send the whistling arrow true,
All are gone forth this morn,
For Freedom's rights and Freedom's laws,
To battle in the noblest cause
That ever sword was drawn.

The herds remain un milked to-day,
The wheel is silent, old men pray ;
The women speechless stand :
But just as chimes the evening hour,
They call out from the highest tower,
' A messenger at hand ! '

In rushed a youth ; upon his brow
Damp sweat-drops ; in his hand a bough :
' To speak he vainly tried :
He gasps ; bursts forth one only cry
From his parched lips, ' Vic-victory ! '
One word, and then he died.

THE FRIBURG TREE

Right tenderly the corpse they raise ;
Oh, sadly wild his mother's gaze
 On her own darling boy !
But back no power her son can give ;
He died, as all would wish to live,
 A harbinger of joy.

Next day returned the conquering host,
And Morat is the freedman's boast,
 That tree still tells the tale
On patriotic Swiss to call
From Austria's fraud, or force of Gaul,
 To guard their native vale.

Friburg, Switzerland : September 1856.





*A VISIT TO HORACE'S VILLA ON THE
SABINE HILLS, NEAR TIVOLI.*

ITALIA'S sun shines clear and bright ;
Fantastically plays the light
On the soft Sabine hills.
Let us devote one classic day
To Roman lore, and fling away
The load of present ills.

Alone and stately stands the pine,
While round the poplars vine-leaves twine
With matrimonial kiss.
Hark ! how the babbling brooks invite
And what is that blue sloping height ?
It is Lucretilis.

Ah me ! what influence o'er me steals ?
To my rapt sight some power reveals
Scenes, figures, long forgot.
And turning Time upon its track,
To sweetest memories bears me back
The Genius of the spot.

A VISIT TO HORACE'S VILLA

The villa's walls spring up again,
Though small, yet tasty, snug though plain ;
 O'er the half-opened sash
Hang flowering clusters ; near the door,
Over the tessellated floor,
 The bubbling fountains splash.

Before my eyes the Poet stands,
The waxen tablets in his hands,
 And smiling thoughtfully.
For fancies flitting through his brain
Are moulding into sweetest strain,
 And sparkling in his eye.

The white-robed slaves pass out and in,
And preparation's busy din
 Disturbs the usual calm.
His brain from civic care to rest,
Mæcenâs comes a welcome guest
 To his own Poet's farm.

Humming some old Etruscan lay,
From Tibur Varus picks his way,
 Midst autumn's yellow sheaves.
And Plancus, from the Persian wars
Returning, on the fields of Mars
 His shining legions leaves.

Their scented hair with wreaths they twine,
With wine they quench their thirst ; with wine
 They tinge Bandusia's fount ;
Such as Falernian cellars gave,
Or where the clustering vine-leaves wave
 On the Albanian mount

Boys on the twanging barbit play,
And soft Anacreontic lay
 Sing to the Dorian mode ;
Or haply Flaccus may unroll
With well-dissembled fear his scroll,
 And chaunt his latest ode.

And much Mæcenas grieves, that he
Must leave this goodly company
 Before to-morrow's dawn ;
For Cæsar's messenger brings in
The news, that in the Isles of Tin
 Again the sword is drawn.

Somewhat they hear, that Dacian gore
Has stained upon the Ister's shore
 The conquering Eagle's track
Or on some Asiatic height
The Parthian, in his treacherous flight,
 Has turned the Roman back.

A VISIT TO HORACE'S VILLA

Strong is their sword, unscathed their lance ;
Onwards their legions still advance
 In merciless array ;
And every homeward vessel brings
Cargoes of spoils, of slaves, and kings,
 To throng the sacred way.

Dream of my youth, can this be thou ?
The mural chaplet from thy brow
 By hands barbarian torn ;
Or ever that your cup were full,
Wouldst thou had been less beautiful,
 Or haply stronger born.

Rome : October 1856.





*ON A FRIEZE IN THE BERLIN GALLERY
OF ART, BY KAULBACH, REPRESENT-
ING THE CHIEF EVENTS OF HISTORY
BY THE FIGURES OF BOYS.*

FULL well the painter's genius bold
Poetic art employs,
The varying scenes of life t'unfold
By images of boys.

For when we muse in waking dream,
On past and future times,
Alas ! how very childish seem
Our virtues and our crimes !

Can we believe, through every age,
All climes beneath the sun,
One true, undeviating, sage,
Unfailing plan can run ?

FRIEZE IN THE BERLIN GALLERY

Or rather, changing time and scene,
Man's weak and feeble will,
By passion cramped and purpose mean,
Works in one circle still.

Greece thought and wisdom to us gave,
Nursed Freedom's wild desire,
Sprung, like her Venus, from the wave,
And wrote her words in fire.

Rome, the stern reaper of the earth,
Held the whole world in awe,
Left tokens of her giant birth
In arts, and arms, and law.

India and China sat apart
In haughty proud disdain ;
They bowed not to the Roman dart,
Nor knew the Grecian chain.

Rumour, from age to age preserved,
Could wondrous fictions add
Of wisdom, which they ne'er deserved,
And wealth they never had.

Egypt immortalised her dead,
And haughty Time defies,
Chaldea learnt the stars to read,
And Sidon gave her dyes.

ON A FRIEZE IN THE BERLIN GALLERY

The same sad story to our day
Fills up the weary void,
Wealth gathered to be flung away,
Towns built to be destroyed.

Men born to struggle for a crust,
And fill dishonoured graves,
Women to gratify a lust,
And suckle future slaves.

When in the fulness of His time,
The promised Saviour came,
'Twas but to make new forms of crime,
And set the world on flame.

Christians with Christians basely strove
In dialectic strife ;
Each dogma of the law of love
Cost many a Christian life.

London : Christmas 1856.





THE UNFORGOTTEN LOVE.

(A FRAGMENT.)



HE stood amidst the crowded hall,
Alone in deep despair :
My thoughts a distant past recall ;
And have I found her there !

When last I saw her, oh ! that time
Of joy and grief to me !
The past, the beautiful, the prime,
The age of twenty-three !

Vainly I strove to win her heart
With such romantic lore,
As fell from lips of bards divine
In classic days of yore.

And when I spoke of Sappho's love,
Or hapless Petrarch's moan,
Full well the teardrop in my eye
Interpreted my own.

THE UNFORGOTTEN LOVE

Alas ! that wisdom cannot buy
The fickle heart of girls :
Their worth in rubies do not try ;
Weigh not their price in pearls.

Pitying my honest, hopeless love,
She bade me not to stay ;
Since then in many a fight I strove
To throw my life away.

At length, with dauntless sword and pen,
I carved myself a name,
And stood with booted foot upon
The lowest rounds of fame.

And now in middle life the cloud
From off my eyes had cleared ;
Some things I feared, which once I loved ;
And loved, where I had feared.

Yet this one worshipped image still
Around my heartstrings clung ;
And gladly one sole smile to win
My life away I'd flung.

I heard, like some bright morning star,
How upwards she had shot,
And envy dared her name to scar :
I heard, but heeded not.

THE UNFORGOTTEN LOVE

And now once more we met. Her brow
Was marked with wrinkling care ;
No flattering honeyed suitors now
To her sweet shrine repair.

Alas ! the wind had blown since then
Across the beauteous flower ;
Each line, each wrinkled furrow, told
Of some lone suffering hour.

Still o'er her marble forehead swept
Her wavy clustering hair,
Her eye its lightning flash still kept,
The proudest beauty there.

Her cheeks their native rose had lost,
Her Hebe smile was gone ;
With languid steps the hall she crossed,
Mid crowds she stood alone.

One word I whispered : ' Do not start ;
Round the wide world I've ranged ;
Thy visage present in my heart,
To me thou art unchanged.

Full well I've loved thee ; thee, my light !
The very eyes of me !'
She started. Ah ! what pen can write
That moment's agony ?

THE UNFORGOTTEN LOVE

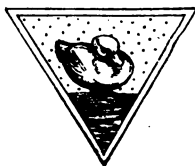
Perhaps for one instant she had thought
To pass disdainful by,
But that the signs of grief she caught
And anguish in my eye.

And in that pause I did repeat
Words spoken long ago ;
I laid my fortune at her feet,
And craved her pity so.

Then all the woman burst to life,
And dimmed her tearless eye ;
'Oh ! Walter, is it you at last ?'
Was her heart-wrung reply.

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London : 1856.





*TO MY FATHER ON HIS SEVENTY-
SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.*

HOW can we fully thank a bounteous Heaven
For lengthening out thy days to seventy-
seven !

Thou hast not had to leave thy native shore,
Or wait a suppliant at a rich man's door.
On carnage-covered fields thou hast not stood,
Nor known the perils of the stormy flood.
The balance of thy fortunes has not hung
On the smooth falseness of a lawyer's tongue.
For thee kind nature at thy birth designed
A placid temper and contented mind ;
A faithful memory, never known to fail
In well-timed distich and in pointed tale ;
A taste refined ; of treasured wit a store ;
A love for ancient art and classic lore ;
Affections warm, a tender loving heart ;
Tears ever ready from the eyes to start ;

TO MY FATHER

The temperate health, which active habits send ;
The art to make and never lose a friend ;
A certain home, an ever-blazing fire,
Scenes which delight, and spots which never tire ;
A fair estate, not waited for too long ;
Simple desires, and constitution strong ;
A country-life with city-haunting rare,
And slumbers broken by no eating care.
Prudence to shun wild pleasure, but not hoard ;
And for true friends an ever-welcome board ;
The bottom of thy purse was never found,
And at thy banker's ever stood a pound.
Of thine own labours thou the fruit has seen.
O ! well art thou, and happy hast thou been !
Thy wife has been to thee a fruitful vine,
And olive-branches round thy table twine.
No care hast thou for the new-fangled mood
Of wearing surplices and coloured hood.
From year to year thy steady thoughts incline
To the great principles of Truth Divine ;
Drawing, as once in youth, so now in age,
Thy inspiration from the Sacred page.
Thus seventy years and seven have slipped away
In holy calm, and unperceived decay,
In grateful affluence and honoured ease,
' Amidst thine own contemporary trees.'
And, like the steward just in deed and word,
Wait thou the summons of thy heavenly Lord !

TO MY FATHER

Scarcely one wish ungranted, save the prayer,
That those thou lov'st on earth may meet thee there.
If such the lot vouchsafed by bounteous Heaven,
We bless the day which makes thee seventy-seven !

Hatley : September 28, 1857.





*ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND
GEORGE BARNES.*

(DISTINGUISHED IN EVERY WAY AS A PUBLIC OFFICER.)

(Sent to his Widow.)

JUST as he touched the highest point of fame,
And twined fresh laurels round his honoured
name,
Just as the envious world at last confessed
His merits rare : just as we called him blest,
His summons came. Far from his friends he fell ;
Far from the country, which he loved so well.
Still will his memory live by vale and hill ;
His name will fill a page of history still :
Wafted on wings of gratitude will come
Blessings unbought from many a highland home.
Oft will the greybeards tell with proud delight
Of him, who helped them to secure their right,
And teach their children, yet unborn, to praise
The British ruler of their father's days.

ON THE DEATH OF MY FRIEND GEORGE BARNES

To British hearts that name will still be dear,
In peril's darkest hour who showed no fear :
And Indian statesmen on his acts will dwell,
So worthy to be told, and by him told so well.

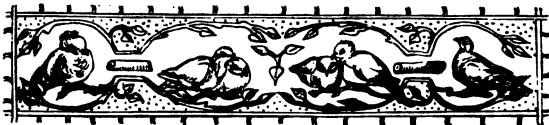
As his last day was fading into night,
How his thoughts wandered to Kussowlie's height !
There were his loved ones ; *there* his place of rest,
In his deserted Himaláyan nest.

Oft in those weary hours his ears did strain
To catch his children's tiny cries again ;
Oft did he wish, with unavailing tear,
Once more thy sweet familiar voice to hear !
On thy fond arm with drooping head to lie ;
Without thee not to live—without thee not to die !

His lot forbade ; this was his trial given,
The penance this, that paved his way to Heaven.
So murmur not ! *alone* the brave man trod
The path, that leads to peace and leads to God.
His sins and errors humbly he confessed,
Fled to his Saviour, and is now at rest.

Lahore : June 7, 1861.





THE CONTRAST.

TO my own Himaláyan nest,
Seeking rest not found before,
Last year I fled by care oppressed,
And thy dusty heat, Lahore.

Ah ! how sweetly I remember
Did my summer days glide by
'Midst the sunshine of September,
And the downpours of July.

She was there—my sweetest, dearest,
Partner of each hope and care,
She, who to my heart is nearest ;
Heaven preserve her everywhere !

Pride maternal swells within her,
Clasping in her arms my boy,
Watching from afar Albinia,
My great sorrow, my great joy.

THE CONTRAST

Through foliage thick the golden streams
O'er my cool verandah play ;
But fall than her no brighter beams
All that sunlit summer day.

And the prospect seems Elysian,
Hill and valley far below ;
But than home no sweeter vision
Can my loving heart e'er know.

As the earliest sunbeams dawning
Fall upon the glistening wall,
Tasting freshest breeze of morning,
Forth they sally to the Mall.

Seated on my high balcóny,
I can mark with loving eye
Little figures and white pony
Far beneath me passing by.

Through sleeping-room and dining-hall,
Up and down the livelong day,
The busy little footsteps fall ;
Life seems one unceasing play.

But the father's occupation
Finds itself in cares of State ;
Some may envy him his station,
Some perhaps may call it great.

THE CONTRAST

From old Dehli to Pesháwur,
From the mountains to the plain,
Where clouds o'er Himaláya lower,
Where the desert knows no rain ;

Forth his orders issue daily ;
Men obedient watch his eye ;
Some obey his missives gaily ;
Some he sentences to die.

From my home now all has parted,
Mid the memories of the past,
I sit forlorn and broken-hearted,
Stooping back and eyes downcast.

Empty cradles standing near me,
Little straw hats on the wall,
If I call, no children hear me,
No feet pattering in the hall.

What is grandeur ? what is power ?
Wherefore stand above the crowd ?
What profits me in this sad hour,
Honour, rank and station proud ?

Lahore : September 1861.



A PICTURE.



WEAK and feeble erring man I knew,
Who half th' allotted space of life had
told ;
Chastened experience from each year he
drew ;
Oft had he sorrowed, often been consoled.

Oft he repented, often sinned again,
Often to Passion he a victim fell ;
Ambition once had bound him with a chain,
And Pride had mixed for him her fatal spell.

Still in his inner man and inmost soul
Love to his fellow-men, love to his God,
Deep, absolute, serene, beyond control,
From youth to age had made there its abode,

Oft in the morning he had pondered, how
His debt of human love he best could pay ;
Often at evening he his head would bow,
And sigh to think that he had lost a day.

A PICTURE

If Infidelity had reared its head,
Flying to Jesus he had found relief ;
Before His throne his doubts, his fears he spread :
‘ Lord ! I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.’

Blest in his talents, in his station blest,
Blest in his children, thrice blest in his wife ;
The only thing he sought by toil was rest ;
Dying to Earth he looked to Death for Life.

But ere he passed of middle life the goal,
The clouds began from his dim eyes to clear,
Seeing in part he tried to see the whole,
Feeling for God he found Him ever near

He found in Christ what else he sought in vain,
One meek and lowly, yet supremely great,
The Lamb, e’en from the world’s foundations slain,
The Way, the Life, the Judge, the Advocate.

Then born again, he woke up from a trance,
His spirit found a voice, and learnt to pray
In lively hope of that inheritance,
The undefiled, that fadeth not away.

He prayed for patience, and that heavenly love,
Which its reward in self-denying brings,
Increase of faith and knowledge from above,
And a heart sitting loose to outward things.

A PICTURE

Once his wild will brought under God's control,
Immortal joy he found in mortal pain,
In patience once possessed his struggling soul,
All earthly loss transformed to heavenly gain.

Each tribulation, every worldly care,
Brought its own lesson, bade him look within,
Bade him not place his heart's affection there,
And from his soul cleanse out some lurking sin.

Since Christ for him on Calvary had stood,
Naught seemed to be too great a sacrifice,
Since for the meanest Christ had shed His blood,
No one seemed lowly in his humble eyes.

Thus he stood waiting, that he might be found
With his loins girt, lamp burning in his hand ;
Thus he stood watching, till he heard the sound
Of a voice calling him to Happy Land.

Lahore : November 1861.





A MOUNTAIN SCENE.



LIMB up Pukróta, ere first peep of day
Has yet illumed the Himaláyan range,
And watch, beneath Aurora's freshening ray,
Peak after peak the solemn mountains
change

In roseate grandeur passing rare and strange,
Enwrapt in purest robes of centuries' snow,
The mighty giants their vast mass arrange ;
Touched by some magic torch they seem to glow,
While darkness reigns on plain and hill below.

So round the faithful Christian's dying bed
In grief and anguish sorrowing mourners bend,
And watch the rays of heavenly glory shed,
Which pitying angels to God's servants send,
To mark how blessed is a Christian's end.
Loud in his ears the welcome message rings,
Calling him to his Saviour and his Friend ;
Eager to rise he pants for seraph's wings,
And bids a glad farewell to earthly things.

A MOUNTAIN SCENE

Beneath him flows the dark dark stream of Death ;
Now his feet touch the bank ; he's crossing now ;
' Oh ! where is Christ ? ' bursts forth his panting breath ;
Then sinks beneath the flood his reverent brow ;
Life into Death, Death into Life, now grow.
He sees Him now. Mark, mark the ecstatic eye,
As droop the eyelids glory-stricken low !
Oh, ponder ye, who weeping linger by,
How glorious is the change !—how sweet a thing to die !

Dalhousie in the Himaláya : September 30, 1862.





LINES

(WRITTEN ON A LOFTY EMINENCE COMMANDING A WIDE VIEW
OF THE HIMALÁYA AND THE PLAINS.)

MOUNTAIN on mountain rise up to the skies,
Stretched to the far horizon lies the plain,
Before me hundred-branching Rávi lies,
Bank overflowing with the summer rain.

Deep in the valley lies each humble shed,
Hard by the grove above the rattling stream,
Beneath their eyes the winter's store is spread ;
The lofty hills their earthly boundary seem.

Little care they who rule, or cease to rule,
So that no stranger-force their refuge spy ;
Their notions are not formed in modern school,
And the world's car unheeded thunders by.

Yearly they climb to some time-honoured shrine,
And for the gifts of earth thank Nature's God ;
When tempests burst, or lightning's flashes shine,
They humbly bow before the avenging rod.

LINES

Oh ye, who from Dalhousie's height survey
Their tiny life, like emmets, far below,
And long your weary head to hide away
In some lone hut, which care can never know,

Think not that humble homes sequestered there,
So far from turmoil and the hum of men,
Are free from dull degrading household care :
Care climbs the mountains ; care invades the glen.

If but the herds uninjured homeward bend,
And comes the harvest in its season due,
If food sufficient favouring seasons send,
Their wants are scanty and their joys are few.

Deep and unknown the beauties of the glen
Bud forth and blossom, and then fade away ;
The solemn mountains gazed upon them, when
Their charms first opened, and when they decay.

There they were brought with pomp, and feast, and song,
To their new household, gay in bride's attire ;
There, pale and lifeless, they are borne along,
And a thin smoke curls up above the pyre.

Thin as a thread the path winds up the hill,
Then dips, and envious heights the prospect close ;
Such is our life, for we must live on still,
Though to the grave our heart's best treasure goes.

LINES

One little field I spy with emerald hue,
In it one tree alone wards off the sun :
There would I hide myself from mortal view,
There would I linger, when my work is done !

Dalhousie in the Himaláya : October 1862.





HERBERT S.

(LEFT IN THE RED SEA, MARCH 1863.)

HAR 'neath the shadow of Himála's snow
Death's herald came.
He started; then, recovering from the blow,
He hurried home.

Fast as the steam can urge the rolling car,
Or blows the wind :
Than wind, than wheels, than steam, oh faster far
Rode Death behind !

'Can I once more behold my mother's face ?'
This was his cry :
'Once more encircled in her fond embrace,
Oh, let me die !'

Down Ganges' stream, o'er Coromandel's seas
Safely he ran :
From Ceylon's Isle there came a spicy breeze
His cheek to fan.

Arabia's gate was opening to his sail,
Gate of the world ;
Death came and gently over him his pale
Dark flag unfurled.

Whispering of home, and to his fate resigned,
He fell asleep.
By loving tender hands he was consigned
Unto the deep.

Many the gay, light-hearted youth will skim
O'er that lone spot,
But all, that now remains to us of him,
Is, that he's not.

Home won at last ! beyond all doubts and fears
He slumbers there.
Oh ! think not of his errors, but his years ;
How few they were !

Lahore : May 1863.





SIR HERBERT'S SHIELD.

(A FRAGMENT FROM A GRAND HOMERIC POEM, THE 'PUNJÁBID.')



AND in the first compartment of this shield
A home and homestead are designed with
art,

And the Sikh yeoman stands upon his field
Knee-deep in plenty, joyous in his heart :
Behind him are his oxen and his cart
To bear his golden harvest-trophy home :
His buxom wife of labour takes her part :
While from the seat beneath the temple's dome
His old greybearded sire in vain attempts to come.

His sword into a ploughshare he has turned,
His spear into a goad to drive his team :
Though once his breast with warlike phrensy burned,
He pants no more to hear the trumpet's scream,
But thanks the British, who have dashed the dream
Of universal conquest from his brain :
For brighter rays of sunshine o'er him gleam :
Peace has restored him to his home again
Amidst his household gods with plenty in her train.

And he now gathers, who has ploughed the soil :
Ripen the fruits their proper lord to please :
No foe intrusive interrupts his toil,
No armies rob his richly watered leas ;
His children, climbing on their father's knees,
A century's tale of blood and strife unlearn :
The rooks encircling vocalise his trees :
The kine at even to their stalls return
From meadows river fed, and redolent of fern.

But in the next compartment you may see
A mighty river bridled at the will
Of him, who leads it in captivity
Forth from the hills with engineering skill,
In the benevolent design to fill
Our garners to o'erflow with Plenty's horn,
And make by gift of fructifying rill
Regions, which waste have lain since man was born,
Bristle with waving maize, and prodigal of corn.

Next by a stream beneath a shady grove
A canvas-tent shines out as white as snow :
The chattering parrot, and the cooing dove
Mimic the sounds of murmuring below :
Surrounded by his Court with thoughtful brow
The Anglo-Saxon youth is seated there :
While his contemporaries still wonder, how
To kill their hours, or hunt the foolish hare,
His are high thoughts of State, of Man the nobler care.

No haughty lictors barricade his door :
All who may wish can freely come and go,
Seated at ease upon the rushy floor
Tell all their tales, and pour out all their woe.
The purest sweets of power are his to know,
The swift obedience, and the high command :
Deep ardent wishes in his bosom glow
To help the weak, and with unflinching hand
Scatter rich blessings o'er the subject land.

And in the next a city comes to view :
The walls dismantled, gates wide open lie :
And clad in vests of gay and varying hue
The stream of Life pours out unceasingly ;
Within mechanic skill and labour ply
Their busy task in many a narrow room :
Faster than thought the nimble shuttles fly,
Weaving with wondrous art midst dust and gloom
The many-coloured triumph of the loom.

In at one gate a bridal train is led
With pomp and music, and with mimic fire ;
Out at the next a bier of one just dead
At the stream side is laid upon the pyre :
Gay flags are flying on each temple's spire :
Flutter of every street the roofs upon
Women and children clad in gay attire :
So full of stir and to the house-top gone
Is this fair city, now that peace is won.

SIR HERBERT'S SHIELD

Camels file in with weary steps and slow,
Burdened with merchandise of far Kathay :
The gorgeous-coloured fruits of Kábul glow,
And all Bokhára's realms their tribute pay :
Columns of steam along the iron-way,
Like Arab Genii from their prisons free,
Bring riches from Calcutta and Bombay,
And textile fabrics blown across the sea
From mighty Britain's camps of industry.

But midst the hum of men, the city's din,
The tide of business ebbing to and fro,
A different scene the Mission-School within
The next compartment of the shield can show :
Thither the satchel-handed urchins go
To hear the blessed tidings of the Word,
Such learning as from holy source can flow :
A bank of children, floor to ceiling stored,
Sucklings and babes thus taught to praise the Lord.

And in the foremost daïs of that hall
Armed for the fight a Christian hero stands,
As meek as Moses, eloquent as Paul,
Day after day he lifts his prayerful hands
To free benighted souls from Satan's bands,
Seeing in faith the coming Kingdom, when
A light will shine upon these heathen lands.
Before the angels will confessed be then
Those, who confess their Master before men.

The cunning workman now his work completes
With silver bosses, well designed to show
Murri, Dalhousie, Simla, calm retreats,
Girt with a zone of Himaláyan snow,
Whither heat-flyers and health-seekers go.
What time the river-bank no more contains
The lordly streams, which from the mountains flow
Fivefold impetuous, and with summer-rains
Toss their foam-crested heads, and overspread the plains :

Those famous plains, since Time was young, to win
Many have been the battles, long the fight :
The sons of Philip and Sebáktegín
First taught the royal principle, that right
Opposed by numbers must give way to might :
Each century since its birth of locusts bore :
Many the landless fearless highland-knight
Has trod the road, which Mahmúd trod before
To plant his upstart-standard in Lahore.

And round each boss inscriptions mention make
Of those who leave an honourable name ;
Edwardes, McLeod, Montgomery, and Lake,
And good John Lawrence of undying fame,
And Reynell Taylor without fear or blame,
The pillars of the State, when tempests lower,
And Chamberlain, who haughty tribes can tame :
And one name more : for we had missed our hour
Without Dick Temple's grand historic power.

SIR HERBERT'S SHIELD

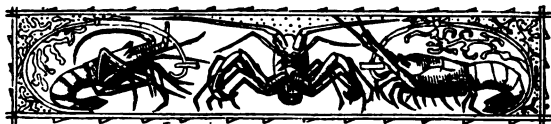
The fierce Balúchi, and the wild Pathán,
Are sculptured on the silver outer-rim,
The fiercest types of unconverted man,
Filling the cup of discord to the brim :
And other foes calumnious, who would dim
The lustre of our shield : but let them know,
That on whatever tack their sails they trim,
Whether as seeming friend or open foe,
We give back word for word, and blow for blow.

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Dalhousie : August 1863.

NOTE.—The Residents of the Panjáb presented a silver-shield to the Prince of Wales on his marriage : it was taken home by Sir Herbert Edwardes.





IN MEMORIAM.

HOW will ye think of me, my friends,
When I am dead and gone?
As one who lived in solitude,
But never felt alone.

To whose trained mind each brook, each dell,
Could beauteous thoughts impart,
Beauty in boundless Nature's breast,
Beauty in ancient art.

Think of me as of one who, doomed
To dwell on foreign strand,
Sends sighs and sympathies and prayers
To his own fatherland.
As one, who all he had of heart
To one sweet woman gave,
Whose deep affections lie entombed
In that untimely grave.

IN MEMORIAM

Think of me as of one, whose thoughts
Are fixed on heaven above,
Who strives, his earthly duties done,
To win a Saviour's love :
Think of me as of one content
With what his fate has cast,
Hopeful of future happiness,
And grateful for the past.

Think of me; ah ! but who shall dare
To burst these mortal bars ?
Whose are the pure refined thoughts
To soar above the stars ?
Pray to my last and dying hour
The balm of peace be given :
If Jesus has not died in vain,
Think of my soul in heaven.

India, 1864.





TO THE QUEEN IN HER WIDOWHOOD.

READY! dry up your tears ; come forth once
more:
Let us again our Sovereign's features
know !

Let us confess, while we thy loss deplore,
How grand thy sorrow, dignified thy woe.

Thy royal ancestors ! Read thou their lives :
The Queens, who never reigned, nor loved, like you :
The joyless mothers, the forsaken wives,
The royal youths, who lawful spouse ne'er knew.

He died, the man whose memory you prize,
In the full lustre of his cloudless day ;
Ere aught to mar his beauty could arise,
Or envy stain his shield, he passed away.

He might have lived to sully his pure fame,
Have old and foolish, false and faithless grown :
Or might have lived to be to you the same,
But ceased to be the hero we had known.

TO THE QUEEN IN HER WIDOWHOOD

From every ill protected were you born ?
Have you a right to bliss without alloy ?
Right to the rose, while shielded from the thorn ?
Right to the Sovereign's pomp, and subject's joy ?

If any cup were filled to overflow,
If any lot were blest from hut to throne,
All the pure joy that womanhood can know,
Wife, daughter, sister, mother, thou hast known.

In cities, Highland-home, or castled hall,
You daily live your life of joy and pride,
In Court, and abbey, journeys, feast, and ball,
Or round old Albion's shores in triumph ride.

Kings come to meet thee : armies known to fame
Parade their thousands just to kiss thy feet :
Ships armed with thunderbolts, and breathing flame,
Drop their proud flags thy passing sail to greet.

Think, o'er thy stately throne, and royal train,
While the bright sun on high serenely shone,
In shame and sorrow, poverty and pain,
How many wished their days on earth were done !

Think of the comfort in the hour of woe
Thy grand and brave example might have been !
All women in their turn must sorrow know :
Those that are brave will bear it, like the Queen.

TO THE QUEEN IN HER WIDOWHOOD

Thou must pick up the tangled skein of life,
With upturned eye go forward and be bold,
Till the loud trumpet sounds to cease from strife,
Bear up the battle, and the fortress hold.

London : 1864.





LORD GOD, I THANK THEE !

NOT so much for the health Thou once did
give me,
The worldly talents, that did once deceive
me,
The powers of intellect, that soon will leave me,
Lord God, I thank Thee !

Not so much for the voices, that still praise me,
The honours, whereunto Thy hand did raise me,
The prosperous star, that only now betrays me,
Lord God, I thank Thee !

Not so much for the friends, who once could cheer me,
The gentle wife, who once sat fondly near me,
The children, who to life could once endear me,
Lord God, I thank Thee !

As for the trials, wherewith Thou hast tried me,
And for the grace, wherewith Thou hast supplied me,
And for the blessings, that Thou hast denied me,
Lord God, I thank Thee !

LORD GOD, I THANK THEE!

For the great promise, that 'Thou wilt not leave me,
That willingly Thou didst not, canst not, grieve me,
And after tribulation will receive me,

Lord God, I thank Thee !

For all the fears and sorrows that beset me,
For all the longings of my heart that fret me,
For all the sad afflictions, that have met me,

Lord God, I thank Thee !

And though, when Thy chastisements burst around me,
So weak, so vile, so feeble, Thou hast found me ;
Tho' faithless doubtings humble and astound me,

Lord God, I thank Thee !

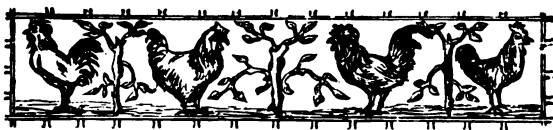
If it must needs be, Father, still chastise me,
Burn out the stains of sin, that still disguise me
What matters, whether friends or foes despise me ?

Lord God, I thank Thee !

Oh ! in my onward darkling journey guide me !
By land, by sea, day, night, be Thou beside me
If not on earth, in heaven a home provide me,

I still will thank Thee !

Calcutta, on starting to England : March 1865.



*THE ANGLO-INDIAN MOTHER AND HER
TWIN FIRST-BORN.*

NEATH Indian skies to her they came,
New source of joy to prove,
Recalling her lost English home,
And her dead mother's love.

New worlds seemed opening to her view,
As she their cots surveyed,
And tenderly their curtain drew,
And knelt her down and prayed.

Perhaps she loved them far too well,
But this were hard to say ;
For one day came the fatal knell,
That they must go away.

No longer little footsteps flit
Where the broad tamarinds spread :
The black attendants silent sit ;
To them those babes are dead.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN MOTHER

The little saddles, hats and toys
Still hang up in the hall ;
The birds still sing ; no children's noise
Re-echoes to their call.

She saw the black ship sail away,
And still for many a year,
Just as they left her that sad day
Their little forms appear.

But news came floating o'er the sea,
How these two children throve,
Scratches from pens in merry glee,
And messages of love.

Flowers picked by them in childish hours,
Shells from the briny shore ;
She knew the place, whence came the flowers,
But knew her bairns no more.

And other children came to live,
And others came to die :
She knew the joys, that God can give,
And that He can deny.

Thus sixteen years with thorns and flowers
Had gently worked their track,
And she began to count the hours
To bring her daughters back.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN MOTHER

Alas ! that news, which each receive,
Should different feelings stir :
To *them* 'twas their loved home to leave,
'Twas coming home to *her*.

The loved ones came, and surely prove
All to the eye most fair :
But oh ! the sympathy of love
Was sadly wanting there.

Again she hangs with prayers and tears
About their beds at night,
She sought to know their hopes and fears,
And share their visions bright.

She watched of them each changing mood,
Their feelings tried to move :
But ah ! in vain a mother sued
To win her daughters' love.

She felt it, and she tried to crush,
Though writhing with the pain,
Rebellious thoughts, that seemed to rush,
And set on fire her brain.

Another love possessed their heart ;
Their confidence was gone :
A second time she had to part,
And live her life alone.

Allahabad, North India : 1866.



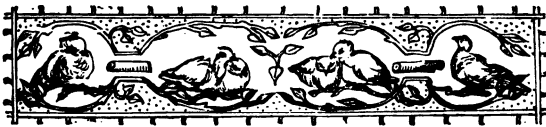
OMNIA MUTANTUR.

QUEMCUNQUE dolor, quemcunque super-
bia lædat,
Ad maris æstivum membra repone vadum,
Qua furit in rupes fluctus, reboatque loquaci
Murmure, onus curæ pectore volve tuæ.
Qualiter oceanus, cum salsa reverberat unda,
Attollit tumidas inde vel inde minas,
Tale hominum fatum est : talis furit æstus amaro
Pectore, quod mordax dente peredit Amor.
Infidum an doleas, perruptaque fœdera amantis,
Nescius, in vitæ quale sit usque malum :
Quid, quocunque pedes, quocunque aut lumina vertas,
Quid sæclo immotum sit, maneatque diu ?
Marcet veris honos : prati perit usta venustas
Florea, et æthereo mox caret igne polus :
Nubibus interdum rutilantia lumina textit,
Interdum propriâ Cynthia luce micat.
Rideat ah ! sapiens, siquando et mutua amantis
Vincula more suo rumpat acerba dies,

Hoc juvet in lacrymis : tumidas hoc arceat iras
Pectore, fatum homini sic statuisset Jovem.
Ecce vadum salsi, et ridentis marmora fluctûs,
Auraque, quæ tacitis nocte vagatur aquis.
Viribus hoc quamvis, illam dulcedine, vincat
Ipse amor, his nunquam certior esse potest.

Apud Etonam : 1839.





*LINES AT LAHORE JUST BEFORE MY
CHILD'S ILLNESS—FINISHED AT DHU-
RUMSALA.*

PROSPECTAT qua mons humiles Himalaia
campos,
Continet, ah ! gazas angulus iste meas :
In mundo nihil est toto mihi gratius illo :
Dulcior est dulci conjuge nulla meâ.
Ah ! quid opes prosint ! Ah ! quid tetigisse superbæ
Culmina Fortunæ, si mihi desit Amor !
Multæ nocte preces, multa ah ! suspiria, multæ
Illic conveniunt Spes, et inanis Amor.
Ite procul Fastus, Fascisque, et vana Potestas !
Ite procul Laurus, et Laqueata Domus !
Da mihi secretæ jucunda oblivia vitæ :
Da mihi secreto non sine amore Domum.
Inscia gaudet equis, canibusque, et laude, Juventus,
Venturumque sibi pingit inane decus :
Uxor amata, et amans, mihi sit, mitisque Senectus !
Hoc est in votis : cætera mitto Deo.

LINES AT LAHORE

Ast ubi me in montes fumosâ ex urbe recepi
Excutiturque animo tædium inane fori,
Succurrunt iterum juvenilis gaudia vitæ,
Et Musa antiquum dat rediviva melos.
Ante oculos visus, qualis non dulcior ullus :
Invideant reges, queisque negatur amor :
Inter fila uxor cantatque, oratque, fidelis :
Inque animo absentis surgit imago mei.
Dormi blanda tuis mea nata Albinia cunis !
Dormi materno tu, Peregrine, sinu !
Cura tui mea corda premit per amara dierum,
Et vigilat totâ nocte paternus amor.
Illa preces mecum fundit, mecumque recumbit :
Ejus amata redit vox redeunte die :
Illius os tenerum, quasi Sol, mihi surgit amandum,
Et dulcis dulcem suggerit aura diem.

Dhurumsala, 1860.





LINES WRITTEN AT DAYBREAK.

DORD ! when I hear the booming morning-gun
Proclaim the advent of another day,
I think how life's hard task is now begun,
The grief-awakenings, and the sad array
Of pains, and partings, hungerings to-day :
If from me Thy protection were withdrawn,
If Thou wert not my Guide, my Hope, my Stay,
I would not care to see another dawn,
But rather wish my breath to flit away
With the dim shadows, which around me play.

Allahabad : June 5, 1866, 4 A.M.





*LINES ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP
COTTON.*

(DROWNED IN THE GANGES).



FT had his faithful prayers brought calm repose
To spirits struggling on the dying bed ;
Oft had he writ consoling words to those,
Who in their last homes left their much-
loved dead.

In works of love he bid the world farewell,
Standing on newly consecrated ground,
And solemnly his parting accents fell
Kindly, though few, on those who stood around.

Little thought he, that ere the waking bird
O'er this God's acre joined the vocal throng,
His voice earth-silent would on high be heard,
Singing the new, the everlasting song.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP COTTON

Little thought they, before the first sad train
Of tearful mourners on that graveyard trod,
That he, revered by all, beloved in vain,
Without one loving tear would meet his God.

For to his parting soul none comfort gave,
By no loved hand his stiffening hand was pressed ;
His hearse was followed to no honoured grave,
And none can say, where is his place of rest.

Serenely he had climbed to honour's height,
With firmly balanced step and prayerful care ;
And, though his feet once slipped on that sad night,
The promised rod and staff were with him there.

Droop not, true Christian ; since in sight of men,
And of his Maker, his good work was done.
What matters, where he left this world, and when ?
Who prize the casket, when the gem is gone ?

Allahabad : October 1866.





'ON SUCH A DAWN.'

(WRITTEN AT SUNRISE IN INDIA.)



ON such a dawn as this, so fair, so bright,
Abraham the faithful, just at opening day,
Lifted his eyes to see Moriah's height,
And trustingly pursued his heaven-led way,
Ready to hear, and hearing to obey.
He, strong in simple faith, feared God : the lad,
His precious child, upon the altar lay,
Till rapt in future times the patriarch had
Seen the far-distant day, and he was glad.

On such a dawn, dew-sprinkled, steeped in balm,
David escaping from the foeman's dart,
In many a harp-tuned hymn, and rapturous psalm,
Found grace and leisure to pour out his heart.
From age to age these blessed strains impart
Peace to the afflicted soul by sorrow torn :
Pride is subdued, and tears from eyelids start,
As each poor humbled sinner prays forlorn
Before the earliest watch, I say, on such a morn.

'ON SUCH A DAWN'

On such a dawn as this the shepherds sat,
Tending their flocks on lowly Bethlehem's hill,
Perhaps to beguile the hour one told them, that,
A shepherd-boy went hence a throne to fill,
And how a promise waits on Israel still :
When suddenly unveiled to mortal ken
Angelic hosts proclaim th' Almighty Will,
That the great promise is fulfilling then,
'Peace upon earth, and good will unto men.'

On such a dawn as this, to mourn their loss,
And bring such gifts as love and grief afford,
'First at the tomb, and latest at the cross,'
The holy women came to seek their Lord,
Slow to believe, but slow to doubt His word.
But on that Resurrection-morn appear
What wondrous changes ! Of its own accord
The stone rolled back : 'Oh seekers ! do not fear ;
Come in and see the place : He is not here !'

On such a dawn, in half-awakening mood,
How many a mother has her babes caressed,
And thought, with sympathy and gratitude,
On those, who've left, or lost, or ne'er been blessed
While her heart's treasures slumber in their nest.
My thoughts to other times and countries flee ;
My quivering lips confess 'God's will is best :'
Far from my poor protection o'er the sea
My children lisp their morning-prayers for me.

On such a dawn as this, how exiled hearts
 Yearn for the absent, wheresoe'er they roam !
Heaped up from bygone years by magic art
 Back on our recollections memories come,
 Some redolent of joy, of sorrow some :
Forms unforgotten seem to cross our door,
 Bright in the glory of the past and home,
The entrancing thoughts of days, and hopes of yore,
 And hours gone by, which can return no more.

On such a dawn as this, how vast a crowd
 Is waking up to hunger and to pain !
The world's great lazar-house re-echoes loud :
 No bound can earth's great sufferings restrain.
 Ah me ! that this fair orb should still contain
Such choice of woes, fine shades of misery,
 That if our hope in Thee, our God, were vain,
'Twere better far to close the aching eye,
And turning to the wall lie down and die.

On such a dawn, to gods of stone and clay,
 By ancient shrine, and still more ancient stream,
The poor benighted heathen homage pay,
 Hailing with reverent palms the orient beam !
 Lord, send Thy light across this land ! redeem
Their souls immortal from dark error's chain,
 And let my countrymen as saviours seem,
Not as fierce conquerors, causing useless pain ;
Let them speak kindly, seeking souls to gain !

'ON SUCH A DAWN'

On such a dawn as this the trump will sound,
Bidding the dead to live, the living die,
And with the angels and the saints around,
Jesus himself comes forth in majesty,
The tokens of His passion borne on high !
This Abraham saw, this David sang : O may
My only hope in my Redeemer lie !
Vile, naked, friendless, hapless child of clay :
Christ, help Thy erring child on that great day !

Allahabad : June 30, 1867.





'THE COMING MAN.'

HHE foe is thundering at the city's gates,
Untoward fortune baffles every plan ;
France in despair her coming Man awaits,
Calls for her Man.

Champagne and Burgundy are both a prey ;
Each crop of soldiers plays a recreant's part.
Oh! for one day of young Dumouriez !
One hour of Bonaparte !

France looks from East to West, from North to South,
With bleeding bosom and eye of pain,
To hear his name pronounced at cannon's mouth,
But looks in vain.

She asks not England, Spain, or Italy,
Her ancient foeman, or her new allies ;
'From my own eyrie,' is her plaintive cry,
'Some eaglet rise.'

'THE COMING MAN'

Perhaps he may still be studying at Brienne,
O'er Gallia's glorious history going back,
Or tracing on a board with boyish pen
Napoleon's track.

Or reading with drawn breath, and bright'ning glance,
Th' undying story of the young Pucelle,
How once she drove the stranger out of France,
And how she fell,

Learning the lesson of a nation's pride,
How France grew from a Province to a State,
Because her children on themselves relied,
She thus was great.

Perhaps he fell wounded at Gravelotte,
A Frenchman, who had never learnt to fly,
Who, scorning a dishonoured captive lot,
Preferred to die.

Redeemed by gold, a base disbanded crew
From German prisons ne'er will fight again ;
Dyed wool will ne'er regain its native hue,
Or lose its stain.

Go seek him moaning in a fevered trance,
Beneath some Marshal's proud begilded frame,
Under that roof, the glory once of France,
And now her shame.

'THE COMING MAN'

Or in the charnel-house of Death and Pain,
Where the cold moonbeams pitiless disclose
The frozen warriors, and noble slain,
Entombed in snows.

But if, alas ! thou canst not find him, then
France, that has brought forth heroes in all time,
Has lost the trick of bearing gallant men,
And passed her prime.

London : in the midst of the Franco-German war :
February 1871.





IN MEMORIAM.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH OF THE PARISH WHERE
MY ANCESTORS LIVED FROM THE TIME OF EDWARD III. TO
ELIZABETH.

SALVE, sancta domus, nostræ incunabula gentis,
Nam veteres feliciter hic senuère parentes
‘ Per secretum iter, et fallentis tempora vitæ !’
Per tercentum annos agros coluère paternos,
Munereque exacto in patrio cubuère sepulchro.
Non illos tuba terribilis promovit ad arma ;
Non sensère vagæ miserè discrimina legis :
Nec sors externo jussit sub sole morari.
Vix nomen rostras pervenit inane sub aures ;
Quæ soboles, uxorque, haud novimus : omnia Lethe
Abripuit : sed restat honos, sed restat agellus,
Et magnum hoc munus, purâ quod origine nobis
Fons vitæ per avos fluit illibatus honestos.
Quæ facies, et qualis homo, non noscimus : etsi

IN MEMORIAM

Per genera et stirpes nostros pervenit ad artus
Corporeus vigor, et sinceræ mentis honestas :
Femina pura animâ, semenque illustre virorum,
Quod nos illæsum natos trademus ad omnes :
Martia nec virtus desit, laurusque poetæ,
Vox clara ingenio, dulcisque modestia matrum.

Pinchbeck, Lincolnshire : May 1871.





*BISHOP UTTERTON DIED IN THE ACT
OF ADMINISTERING THE HOLY COM-
MUNION.*

WITH blessings on his lips, and prayers, that He
Would deign t' accept the Holy Sacrifice,
He passed away ; he will not taste the vine
Again, till new within his Master's house.

Death in this fashion loses all its sting,
And Jordan's waters scarcely touch his feet ;
He looks on Paradise with living eyes ;
The grave scarce holds him, for he walks with God.
As the last words were passing from his lips,
As on his ears the pealing organ rolls,
Ere yet the taste of wine his palate left,
The Church and Congregation from his sight
Faded away, and on his upturned gaze,
Brighter and clearer than aught seen on earth,
Shone the entrancing awful face of Christ,
And the glad summons vibrates through his soul :
' Welcome, loved servant, for thy task is done ! '

London : May 15, 1871.



*WHAT WILL OUR GRANDCHILDREN
THINK OF US?*

WILL they think our powers are puny and our
locomotion slow?
Will they deem our motives sordid and our
aspirations low?

Will the waves of wild reform come surging up to sweep
away

All the barriers and the bulwarks of our Constitution's
sway?

Will the Magna Charta too, and every famous Freedom's
clause,

Share the fate of our Protection and our Navigation laws?

Will all men be really equal? will it the right thing
appear,

That the country grocer's son should wed the offspring
of a peer?

What will then the people grasp at? Sated full with Power
and Pelf,

Will the hydra-headed monster turn back and devour
itself?

WHAT WILL OUR GRANDCHILDREN THINK?

Will there ready stand bicycles in each wealthy English
hall,
And a float of balloon-hansoms filling at each sudden
call?
Will a telegraphic dial, fixed behind each separate door,
Tell a message to each chamber scattered over every
floor?
Will the 'Times' be issued hourly? with a never-ceasing
din
Will a post-delivery come every minute dropping in?
Will each street contain a railway? will the pastor's love
be shown
To save the trouble of churchgoing by preaching down
a telephone?
Will one vast electric candle light the houses of the
Square!
And the sewage well-refined form the workhouse pauper
fare?
Will the maids dine in the parlour and the mistress in
the hall?
Will young ladies of good breeding dance with footmen
at the ball?
Will the ashes of our dead ones on the mantelpiece be
found,
While the useless cemetery supplies the useful tennis-
ground?

London: 1872.



INTER ROSAS SPINÆ.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)



ANDIDO velamine operta, Nupta,
Quæ genis lucem simulat rosarum,
Ne fleas, si inter niveam coronam
Spina lateat.

Umbra sub lucem, cito lux sub umbram ;
Gaudium luctus sequitur, dolorque
Gaudium : nam Sors amat insolentem
Ludere ludum.

Quas dedit, nunc delicias resumit,
Et negans, quem pollicita est, leporem
Perfido multos agitat per annos
Corda timore.

Ah ! super mundum Deus est, diesque
Lucidos, nigrosque dabit vicissim :
Disce fortunâ patienter uti
Semper utrâque !

London : June 2, 1872.



ANGELORUM VESTIGIA.

(TRANSLATION.)

LUCIDÆ quando numerantur horæ,
Noctis et voces modo dormientem
Suscitant ad pura sereniora
Gaudia mentem :

Vesperis nondum micuit lucerna,
Et velut phantasma domûs videtur
Mœniis saltare cremante ligno
Fictilis umbra.

Tunc peremptorum simulacra apertam
Occupant portam ; mea tunc amiçi
Perditi jamdudum, animique fortes,
Claustra revisunt.

Ille, qui fortis, juvenisque, vitæ
Prælio jungi studiosus, ipsam
Semitam juxta cecidit, peritque
Pondere lassus.

Debiles, sanctique, crucem laboris
Nobilis passi, manibusque lente
In sinu plexis, nihil hic loquuntur
Amplius : Illa

Virgo prælucens, et amabilis, quam
Sors meæ misit comitem juventæ,
Me magis cunctis ut amaret, et nunc
Angela cœlo !

En ! venit lento tacitoque gressu
Nuntia a cœlis : vacuo sedili
Assidet lectum prope, meque dextrâ
Tangit amanti :

Sic sedens me cum tacito et profundo
Lumine aspectat, velut ex sacratâ
Stella tranquillâque homines polorum
Despicit arce.

Aure non audita, sed apprehensa
Vota, culpantes benedictiones,
E suis mittit sine voce labris
Spiritus auræ.

London : July, 1872.



PUERILIS HORA.

(TRANSLATION.)

INTER tenebras atque crepusculum,
Cum nox obumbrare incipit æthera,
Labore cessatur diei :
Dicitur hæc ‘Puerilis Hora.’

Domus supernis ædibus audio, ut
Pedum recursus parvulus increpat,
Clausæque cum clangore portæ,
Et tenues teneræque voces.

Sub pendulâ luce ex adyto meo
Scalis gradatim desuper atrii
Lycenque, ridentemque Glaucen,
Auricomam et video Neæram.

Lenes susurri : deinde silentium :
Jocosa monstrant lumina, qui doli
Contra innocentem me nefandi,
Insidiæque malæ, parantur.

PUERILIS HORA

Scalis et aulâ cum subito impetu
Caterva velox irruit hostium,
Triumque portarum potita
Inde meam properat per arcem.

Summis repentè turribus incubat
Per scrinia, et per summa sedilia,
Frustratur elabi volentem :
Omnibus esse locis videtur.

Audacibus nunc devoror osculis :
Collum lacertis cingitur, et latus :
Succurrit in Rheni fluento
Muribus exagitatus Hatto.

Credetis, O vos lumine cœrulo
Fures, subactis aggeribus meis,
Non posse nancisci vetustum
Barbigerum insidiis triumphos !

Vos in profundo carcere, quo fugæ,
Custode me, non ulla patet via,
Amoris obstringam catenis
Cordis in arce mei rotundâ.

Sic vos tenebo semper in hœc loco,
Dum restat annorum hora novissima,
Et moenia illabantur arcis
Pulvere in exiguo soluta.

London : October 1872.

184



*TO THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, WHO
ENTERED LONDON IN A SNOWSTORM,
FEBRUARY 1874.*

DENSIOR hybernis nivibus te turba salutat,
Candidior patriâ quæ nivē, Nupta, venis.
Æstas mater adest quinto jam mense
rosarum :
Matrona, Angliacis sit gena læta rosis !

Denser than wintry flakes the people hail
The Bride, whose cheeks recall her country's snows :
In the fifth month, when summer-flowers prevail,
Blush, happy mother, blush with England's rose.

London : March 1874.





CARMEN FERIALE.

PARS PRIMA : ROBERTULUS ROBERTO.

SUB decimam portas Eustoni liquimus horam :
Sextilis festi plurima turba fuit :
Me pater et mater comitati, tresque sorores,
Et multa in cistis impedimenta viæ.
Parvula me vexat rhedâ soror Anna legentem :
Edimus at lecti dulcia frusta cibi.
Truditur inde dies : sextâ descendimus horâ :
Undique Atlantiaci cernitur unda maris.
O quam jucundè mihi vivitur urbe marinâ
Dum nitida in salsâ membra lavantur aquâ !
Dicere non possum mihi qualia mira videntur :
Nunc video æterni grandia signa Dei.
Bis revoluta die pelagi procul unda recedit,
Bisque die ripæ versa recurrit aqua.
Sex horas patefacta jacet, ceu campus, arena,
Et rhedis, et equis, dat pedibusque locum,
Sex horas lucem sub sole reverberat æquor ;
Multaque cymbarum per vada vela volant

Quot struimus cum ferramentis in littore acervos,
 Quotidie reducis diruit unda maris.
 Aura genis rubros inspirat odora colores,
 Vimque fatigatis dentibus aura refert :
 Ποντιάς αὔρα, ἀνήριθμόν τε γέλασμα θαλάσσης,
 Alta Promethéi vox, Hecubæque melos !
 Multa viatorum veniunt ex urbe propinquâ
 Per ferrugineam corpora missa viam.
 Gens infamis, edax, sacci portator, ubique,
 Infantes, pueri, barbigerique senes :
 Squalida, garrula, sordida, turba invadit arenas :
 Fœdo convivâ nulla taberna caret.
 Sunt qui suadenti dent carbasa lintea vento,
 Et fidunt fragili corpora cara rati :
 Heu ! cæcas hominum mentes ! namque æstuat æquor,
 Et turbat teneros nausea sæva sinus.
 Sunt quibus, infidas pelagi metuentibus undas,
 It per arenosas falsa carina plagas.
 Ast aliis equitare pigros non tædet asellos,
 Pulverem et excussis exagitare rotis.
 Vidi ego tres juvenes, indoctos arte virili,
 E rapidis pronos sede in honoris equis.
 Eja ! soror mea nunc imbellem equitabit asellum :
 At nostri est dignus, credo, vigoris equus.
 Nunc mihi jucundum dant balnea salsa recessum,
 Cum furit æstivo sævior igne dies.
 ‘Nunc bene compositis membris et pectore firmo
 Desilio in liquidas ὡς φιλόλοντος aquas.’

CARMEN FERIALE

Nunc dorso innitens rigidè contemplor Olympum,
Nunc gremio extensâ me juvat ire manu.
Est etiam (horrendum dictu !) qui corpus in undas
Non timet ex alto præcipitare loco.
Nunc in rupe sedens naves contemplor euntes :
Nautica de prorâ vox, tenuisque, venit :
Hæc fabricata vehit fuscis bona navis ad Indos,
Quæ Mancestrenses implicuêre manus :
Illa venit tarde cistis instructa Bohéa,
Velaque quæ Seres, thurave mittat Arabs.
Ast aliquando oritur, vento suadente, tumultus :
Tollit aquam Boreas : littora tundit aqua :
Flatus horrisonos inter, fluctusque tumentes,
Mens mea mortali palpitât icta metu.
Hei mihi ! quod miseri tali in certamine nautæ
Sollicitant vanâ Numina surda prece.
Me juvat interdum placidi pellacia ponti :
Retia sollerti tunc ego tendo manu.
Sedibus ignaros pisces attollo marinis :
Inde epula in mensâ splendet inempta meâ.
Hei mihi ! quod miseros pueros mens cæca parentum
Exulat in gremium, Mater Etona, tuum :
Succurrunt pœnæ, librique, minæque Magistri,
Ictaque sollerti Virga per ossa manu.

PARS SECUNDA.

Dic mihi qui montes, vallesque et lustra ferarum
Nunc tua circumdant limina, quique lacus :

Qui flores vireant, arbustaque : quique volucres
Surgant aurifero, te gradiente, solo :
Tu scis remigium callente movere sinistrâ,
Nec geris in dextrâ fulmen inane tuâ :
Surgentem solem summo de monte videbis :
Extremum illustrat vallis opaca jubar.
Inde aperit deserta suos Eskdalia colles,
Johnstonique novi mons, humilisque casa.
O quoties te matutinum Aurora salutat,
Et fesso quoties Hesperus urget iter !
Te sequitur Dea Venatrix, et odora canum vis :
Agnoscit virgam lucida lympa tuam.
Alarum sonitu crepitante reverberat aura
Testantemque canis sustulit Ecce ! pedem.
Ante diem pennata cadat ne victima fixum,
Et piscatorum norma sequenda tibi est.
Parce avibus parvis : leporem ne cæde sedentem :
Da veniam cervis ; tuta columba volet.
Adde, quod in cunis tibi subrisêre Camœnæ,
Et merita agnovit mater Etona tua.
Macte tuâ virtute : tibi omnia fausta precamur,
Digne Parens Puero, digne Parente Puer !
Nunc tibi, care Roberte, Robertulus addo salutem :
Et bona vota senex mitto Robertus ego.

Southport : August 1874.



IONA.

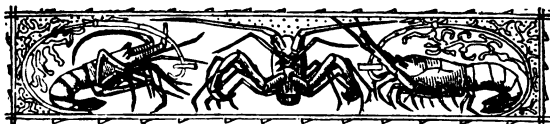
SOLEMN and sacred were the thoughts, which
bore
Good Doctor Johnson to Iona's shore,
And filled the sails, which drave his tiny keel
Across the stormy waves of Loch-na-Keal.
Boswell was noting what was said or seen,
While old McLean in silence sipped poteen,
He could survey with learned pious eye
The lonely isle, th' unchanging sea and sky ;
And then, remembering all, that here was done,
Kneel at each broken shrine, apostrophise each stone.

Far different now ; the puffing steamers land
Daily two hundred tourists on the strand ;
Beggars and guides, photographers and boys,
And every vulgar sight the taste annoys.
No heads before these ruins now incline,
And no one kneels before Columba's shrine.

The royal tombs are turned into a show,
And idiot tourists giggle as they go.
Where o'er the ruined arch the grass once grew,
By Argyll's care each wall is span and new ;
I saw a female savage make no bones
Of cold roast chicken on King Duncan's stones.
One wish pervades the educated mind,
How to get rid of vulgar fellow-kind ;
One fear, unless this heady breeze should lull,
We shall find trouble in the Sounds of Mull.

Iona, Scotland : 1875.





OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

NEVE secreto nemorum recessu
Segregem credas habitare Amorem :
Inter ingratos hominum tumultus
Vivit in urbe.

Præmia in Graiis pretiosa ludis
Nulla victori data sunt : quis illum
Velle tam stultum temerè pericla
Tanta subire,

Et metum diræ necis imminentem
Credat, ut simplex apii corona,
Aut fatigata implicitent caduci
Tempora laurus ?

Dum triumphanti pede per sonantes
Par Deo turbas graditur superbè
Pulchra quâ causâ graviore fervent
Ora rubore ?

Nidus Ægæi maris insularum,
Nigra succurritque oculis puella,
Mille largiri properans reducto
Basia amanti.

Paginis è pulvereis acerbè
Frigidam nanciscimur heu ! senectam,
Sed neque argentum, neque fama, nostri est
Meta laboris.

Forte quæ numquam venient, diebus
Est sua unicuique domus parata,
Vox et in portâ tenerè salutans,
Oraque læta,

Congregantur qui in genu, parvulorum,
Et melos in fine placens diei :
Namque in ingrâtâ cupit esse solus
Nemo senectâ.

Brachium firmum, teneramque dextram,
Morte quæ repente oculos recludat,
Poscimus cuncti, lacrymasque caram
Patris in urnam.

London : January 1875.





‘THOU KNOWEST, LORD.’

(TRANSLATION.)



UÂM defessa anima, et quali contusa dolore,
Te requiem poscit, nota tibi, Domine, est :
Quas curas hodierna aut postera conferat
hora :

Multa optanda bona, et multa fatenda mala.
Ad te pervenio, et tua jussa benigna facesso,
Ante pedes jactans ‘Omnia nota’ tuos.

Nota *peracta* dies, ut cæcâ mente, diuque,
Invia per montis lustra vagatur ovis :
Ut bonus insequitur Pastor, curâque benignâ,
Inque suis humeris in sua claustra tulit :
Sanguineum tergit vultum, mulcetque dolorem,
Spes et vita novis viribus unde redit.

Præsens quid narrem?—tentantis flamma pericli,
Tristia agenda simul, commemoransque timor :
Omnia quæ mihimet possent afferre dolorem,
Et queis vita mihi carior esse nequit.
Triste recordari est, dum labitur hora, vetustos
Risus, et dulces, quæ periire, genas.

Nota *futura* tibi, læto quot nubila cœlo,
Imbre procelloso discutienda, manent ;
Dulcis amicitia, decessûs lugubris hora ;
Et Stygis extremum prætereunda palus :
Unde mihi spes, aut vis, tanta subire pericla,
Ni foret hoc scriptum, 'Nota tibi, Domine' ?

Scilicet omnisciens Deus : at non hâc vice solâ :
Humanum nôsti debile quid sit, Homo :
Passus es et nostros luctus, et gaudia terrâ :
O ! tibi, Salvator, vivere, amare, fuit !
Ad te propellentur Amorque Dolorque vicissim :
Unde aliàs requies sit, profugisque domus ?

Idcirco venio, tua jussa benigna facessens,
Adque tuas scelerum pondera jacto pedes :
Viribus æternis, quod sit mihi debile, fulsi :
Veste renidenti, quod mihi vile, tego :
Inde thronum linquens renovatis viribus, insto
Noscere meipsum, quomodo notus Ego.

London : May 10, 1875.





PARS TERTIA—ROBERTUS ROBERTULO.

ULTIMA festorum nunc imminet hora dierum,
Et postremus adest, care Robine, labor.
Tempus abire tibi est : lacrymas mihi fundere tempus,

Et sine te vacuâ tristia ferre domu.
Per campos, vallesque, et montes ivimus altos ;
Transilimus fluvios, Oceanique vada.
Diversos hominum mores, et vidimus urbes :
Sustulimus longæ dulcia et acerba viæ.
Ne mihi sit finis terræ, nec meta laborum,
Dummodo vis pedibus, dummodo vis animæ.
Omne quod Ars tulerit, quod consecraverit Ætas ;
Quicquid agant homines, est ibi cura mea.
Diruta præteritos narrant castella tumultus :
Urbs præclara novas testificatur opes.
Bella triumphanti præclara tropæa dedissent :
Munera pacificis Pax meliora dedit.
Per nares montana recentes sufflat odores
Aura : novas vires pesque manusque tenent.

Lympha pudica salit de vertice, plena vigoris,
 Lucida, sylvestris vivida imago Deæ.
 Murmura secretam tradunt sub gramine callem ;
 Nympha latebrosam celat operta domum.
 Multis fonticulis stagnisque a sole remotis,
 Ad fluvium tenues contribuuntur aquæ.
 Non aliter, si rite putes, mortalis origo :
 Haud secus humanæ meta modusque viæ :
 In mare defluimus vastum ; vestigia restant
 Nulla loci, nobis quâ prior orta dies.
 Ut folia in sylvis, ut lucida guttula fontis,
 Ut scintilla foci, fluctus ut Oceani,
 Sic hominis vita est : sic unda supervenit undam :
 ‘ Mane viget—marcet vespere—nocte perit.’
 Audin ! Heus audin ! quam limpida claraque vox est,
 Clarior heus ! longè limpidiorque sonat :
 Per juga, per valles concussa reverberat Echo,
 Ut sufflare putes cornua Sylvigenas.
 Cornua, clamando reboantes concite ventos,
 Dum Moriens ! Moriens ! vox repetita sonat.
 Ast ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
 Naribus antiqui temporis afflat odor :
 Succurrit memori dilecta Himalaiia menti :
 Ante oculos matris surgit imago tuæ.
 Oh ! tu care Puer, tua, dum fas sit, bona noscas,
 Et libertatis suavia carpe tuæ !
 Quid prosit lepores volucresque ferire volantes,
 Atque hamo pisces tollere quantus honos !

In decimam insidiis cervum specularier horam :
Bestia quam potior nobiliorque viro !
Hic gremio repens, se rupe et arundine celans
Traditor in madidâ serpit, ut anguis, humo.
Naribus ille oculis venientem suspicit hostem
Cornigerumque ferox tollit ad astra caput,
Auribus arrectis crepitantia captat : ubique
Est pavor : externum nuntiat aura : volat,
Et secreta petit dumeta, ubi rore recenti
Abluit immundos tutus ab hoste pedes.
' O quantum est auro potius, pereatque, smaragdo '
Quàm gemat icta meâ cerva tenella manu !
Innocui pisces, ne me fugitate nocentem ;
Tutum est, O lepores, per mea jugera iter.
Donum vita Dei est ; viventi lædere vitam
Dedecet, atque aliis parcere Parca monet.
At tibi nobilior placeat venatus : honores,
Sertaque Musarum laurea ferte domum.
Hæ tibi erunt artes : nihil est jucundius unquam,
Crede mihi docto, et dulcius, ingenio.

Quin etiam ludos Scotiæ spectavimus unâ,
Prœlia nervosæ fulta vigore manûs
Haud secus in Graiâ quondam certatur arenâ,
Et grande athletæ fit, pugilisque, decus.
Tecum sacratæ memori pede littus Ionæ
Vidimus, et scopulos, Staffa cavata, tuos

PARS TERTIA

Utraque mirandas monstrat structura columnas :

Hæc hominem artificem nuntiat, illa Deum.

Orcades ætheriæ nostram accepere carinam,

Quos circum scopulos æstuat unda maris.

Illic Romanæ nunquam venere catervæ :

Nullumque excudit sanguine Cæsar iter.

Felix gens hominum, quos a victricibus armis

Unda procellosi muniit Oceani !

Hæc tandem longæ finis chartæque viæque,

Navis adest portum : care Robine, vale.

Apud Londinum : mense Octobri 1875.





LINES

SUGGESTED BY MILLAIS'S PICTURE OF A YOUNG LADY READING
A LETTER OF PROPOSAL.



AS to her hands my humble letter came,
She scanned it with a downcast eye, and
now
The thought, that she is loved, with virgin
shame

Suffused her brow.

New thoughts her spirit's tranquil realm invade,
Her blood flows quicker with unusual throb,
Till, starting from a dream, th' indignant maid
Bursts to a sob.

'What does he mean?' she cried; 'can he suppose,
That I would quit with him my mother's side,
Break all old ties, and, spite of friends and foes,
With him abide?'

ON A PICTURE BY MILLAIS

Then follow sighs and tears : her gentle breast
Unjustly swells with anger burning strong,
With hopes, and secret wishes long repressed,
But cherished long.

Thus many a maid her love has loved to prove
In days gone by, and will in days to come :
Thy mother left to win thy father's love
Thy grandsire's home,

Entering new blessings of the marriage state,
Whence springs the love, which mothers know, and then
Those passions exquisite, which dominate
Both Gods and men.

In vain to read my lines again she tries ;
From her hand drops the letter, for they seem
To cause the image of the Loved to rise,
As in a dream,

Fairer than mortals, with the halo crowned,
O'er radiant Youth by conquering passion shed ;
For Venus flings a purple nimbus round
The loved one's head.

Eyes glancing love immortal, deep and true :
The smile so winsome, voice by magic art
With echo sweet reverberating through
The inmost heart.

ON A PICTURE BY MILLAIS

As murmuring fountains and sweet Philomel
Unite in symphony and sweet refrain,
So from her lips in softest cadence fell
My humble strain.

‘Go, lovely rose, and whisper in her ear
That sweet old ditty, for, when I to thee
Compare her charms, how very sweet and dear
She seems to me.

‘Ask her, in lonely valley hadst thou been,
Thy odour, and thy charm, who would have told?
Small is the worth of virtue never seen,
And buried gold.

‘The graceful vine full grown her fruit preserves
By leaning on the elm close by her side :
So at full age arrived the maid deserves
To be a bride.

‘Men undergo much labour for a name,
And wander forth in many a distant soil ;
But neither fortune is the goal, nor fame,
Of all their toil.

‘In days, that haply ne’er to some may come,
Each hopes to find the nest he loves so well,
For none in dreary age without a home
Would wish to dwell.

‘ Oh ! do not rashly this my prayer disdain ;
Remember that thy youth will soon depart.
Maturer years may seek, and seek in vain,
A loving heart.

‘ Condemn me not to long-drawn misery :
I have no strength to burn, and plead, and sigh :
And thou, dear friend, couldst never wish to see
Thy lover die.

‘ If thou wilt be my bride, my light, my star,
The homage of a faithful love I bring ;
Thou in thy turn wilt make me happier far
Than Persia’s king.

‘ Thou art a woman : thou know’st not the fears
That agitate my heart : my eyelids strain
Towards the opening door : my tingling ears
Vibrate with pain.

‘ If chance thy passing shadow flitter there,
With reverent lips I kiss the happy wall,
And kneeling down salute the threshold, where
Thy footsteps fall.

‘ Read then, beloved, and crown our lives with joy :
And ah ! how short our springtide blessings prove,
Let no sad memory future years alloy
Of vanished love.’

ON A PICTURE BY MILLAIS

Cheer up, fond heart, for lo ! the maid is kneeling,
Blessings to ask for him she means to bless :
And that sweet smile, her secret thought revealing,
I know, means 'Yes.'

.

Dreams of my earliest youth, I fain would give,
Ere the dark shadows o'er my eyelids close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live
For one of those :

Those halcyon hours, of love triumphant born ;
To know that you are loved is greater joy
Than all the Gods can give, or Fate in scorn
Can e'er destroy.

London : January 30, 1876.





IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

N ! meam nunc vidit epistolam : nunc
Perlegit castis oculis : amatam
Scire se perfudit amœna rubro
Ora calore :

Virginis motus animi quietem
Dissoni turbant, et inusitatus
Sanguinis venis tremor, et profundâ
Voce reclamat :

‘Quid petit demens? violenter optat
Me relicturam genitricis ædes?
Improbo me more aliena secum
Visere tecta?’

Inde singultus lacrymæque, et ira
Occupat non justa sinum, Pudorque, et
Spes diu compressa, diuque in imo
Pectore surgens.

Hoc tamen multæ facinus puellæ
Pristinæ novêre, iterumque noscent :
Sub patris suasu tua liquit ædes
Mater avitas,

Et novi intravit nova regna amoris ;
Surgit hinc maternus amor, regitque
Sola quæ sensus hominum et deorum
Mira voluptas.

Perlegit rursus mea verba, et Ecce !
E manu chartæ cecidere, namque
Somnii more ante oculos Amantis
Surgit imago,

Pulchrior mortalibus, et serenæ
Luce perfulgens nitidâ Juventæ,
Nam Venus, dum vivit amor, decorem
Afflat amato.

Par Deo vultûs nitor, et susurrus
Suavior : vocis magicâ arte cordis
Claustra per secreta reverberans mi-
-rabilis Echo.

Fontis ut murmur volucrum querelas
Æmulat dulcedine, sic legentis
Voce pervenit nova suavitudo
Ad mea verba.

‘I, rosa, et narra dominæ sub aures,
Pulchra quam et jucunda mihi videtur,
Quæ tibi visa est similis, tuæque est
Æmula famæ.

‘Sin plagis nata es hominum negatis,
Quis tuum laudet decus aut odorem?
Paululi est virtus inamata, et arcâ
Abdita gaza.

‘Vitis ut matura perit, nisi ulmus
Brachio forti retinet cadentem,
Virgo tempestiva ita conjugales
Quærit honores.

‘Vir libens multos patitur dolores,
Et mari terrâque subit pericla :
Sed neque argentum, neque fama, tanti est
Meta laboris.

‘Forte quæ nunquam venient, diebus
Stat sua unicuique domus parata,
Namque in ingrâtâ velit esse solus
Nemo senectâ.

‘Ne diu plorem, mea amica ; longam
Non moram vis est tolerare ; nec tu
Lumine immoto morientis ora
Cernere velles

‘ Neu preces spernas temerè fideles,
Nympha, nam marcent citius decores
Veris ; amissum queritur maritum
 Senior.ætas.

‘ Quæ foret conjux mea, cariorem
Luce vitali, et propriis medullis,
Meque Persarum magis æstimabo
 Rege beatum.

‘ Fœmina es : non scis trepidat tumultu
Cor meum quanto ; mea fixa portam
Lumina aspectant : sonitu marino
 Tintinat auris.

‘ Quâ tui muro gradientis umbra
Incidit, labro veneror calenti :
Quæ tuis forsân pedibus prematur,
 Osculor ædem.

‘ Perlegas, dulcissima : me beatum
Fac : brevis ne marceat hora vitæ :
Ne tibi post pœniteat fidelem
 Perdere amicum.’

.

Somnia ah ! jucunda meæ juventæ,
Vita dum restat mihi, quam libenter
Omne quod restet spatium dierum
 Unius horæ

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM

Talis in mercede darem ! triumphans
Namque amor concedit amantibus, quæ
Omnium dulcissima vota Parcæ
Dent adimantque.

March 1876.





‘FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.’

SEMPER cum Domino :’ sic nobis fiat, et
Amen :
Vivere post mortem est atque immortalis
haberi :

Corpore conclusus longè vagor exul ab Illo,
Quotidieque domum propius tentoria pono.

O Patris domus in cœlis, animæ domus oh ! quàm,
Aurea porta, fides modo sit, vicina videtur !
Spiritus ad terram tunc ire aspirat amatam,
Sanctorum loca lucida, Jerusalemque supernum :
At nubes interveniunt ; fugit irrita imago :
Inter aquas nubesque vagor, ceu sola columba :
Nubila nunc fugiunt, ventique atque æquora cessant :
Atque super lætum Pacis cor panditur arcus :
Arcum magnificum subter per castra sacrata
Agmine transgrediunt Cherubim flammante cohortes :

'FOR EVER WITH THE LORD'

Mane, die mediâ, sub vespere, nocte profundâ,
Telluris strepitus superant nova cantica cœli :
Sentio divinas 'Surgam : ' 'Victoria : ' voces :
Semper cum Domino : sic nobis fiat, et Amen !

London : July 1876.





LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THEY met, and interchanged a glance,
Then, greetings usual made,
He asked her hand just for one dance,
Attentions usual paid ;
They talked like others in the crowd,
They did what others do,
After the dance to her he bowed,
And bid his last adieu.

And yet there was a time, I ween,
Not many years before,
With beating heart and love-struck mien
He stood before her door,
Wishing some simple words to say,
Yet never saying quite,
Thinking of her throughout the day,
Dreaming of her at night.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

'Twas not of adverse Fate the frown ;
 No friends against her strove :
No happier rival had stepped down
 To rob him of his Love.
She still was single, still could charm,
 Might listen to his prayer ;
The years had done her face no harm,
 Nor streaked her soft brown hair.

But all love's sparkling sands had run,
 Love's magic charm was gone :
He could not say when it begun,
 Or wherefore it was done :
'Twas but the fancy of his eye,
 A dream of joy and pain :
He saw it fade without a sigh,
 Nor wished it back again.

Better for both : sad it may seem,
 But sadder far the fate
Of those, who wake from love's short dream,
 And who repent too late.
Love should be made of stronger stuff
 To win and keep a wife.
Oh ! love's young dream is not enough
 As partnership for life.

London : December 30, 1877.



THE CURATE.

HE stood within the crowded choir,
Willing to serve his Lord :
To feed His flock his chief desire,
Faithful to preach His word :
Thus had passed on his guileless days
In one unruffled calm,
In intervals of prayer and praise,
Of Litany and Psalm.

Ah me ! to one fair worshipper
One day his glances stole,
And sweet entrancing dreams of her
Disturbed his quiet soul :
He dreamt, poor man ! that to his prayer
An angel fresh from Heaven,
His ministering task to share,
And cheer his lot, was given.

THE CURATE

As if in glorious rays, that pass
Through purple robe and crown,
From the illuminated glass
Our Lady had come down ;
Her thoughts to other objects go,
Her acts were worldly wise :
She to his stammering words said, No !
With ill-concealed surprise.

She to her youthful thoughtlessness,
He went back to despair ;
She spoke with smiles of his distress,
He bowed down low in prayer,
And lived God's precious balm to prove,
By faith to recognise,
In the same hand, that slew his love,
A blessing in disguise.

With lips unsealed to preach His word,
Never again to part ;
He vowed himself to serve his Lord,
His wounds and bleeding heart.
The young upon his accents hung,
Leading through love to God,
And sorrowing sufferers to him clung,
Who grief's sad path had trod.

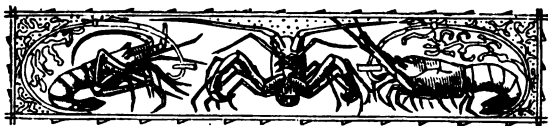
THE CURATE

Blaming himself, *not her*, he planned
His error to atone,
By holding each weak brother's hand
In weakness like his own.
And dying lips were raised to kiss
That hand so soft and light,
And dying eyes received from his
Of Heaven a vision bright.

Through sinful alleys he could walk
Safe midst a reckless crowd ;
Each sinner stayed his sinful talk,
Each ruffian to him bowed.
Like odour of crushed violets
His words of love and truth
Woke in their tainted hearts regrets
For their unsullied youth.

Many a loving woman sighed
In love unselfish then
To walk, an angel by his side,
Angel of good to men.
To him love's earthly voice was hushed,
Love's page was rent in twain ;
His first sad love had died, but crushed
All power to love again.

London : February 1878.



*ITER AD CONGRESSUM ORIENTALEM
APUD PETROPOLIM,*

A.D. MDCCCLXXVI.



NNUUS in solitum nos suscitât ordo laborem :
Sacculus, Argentum, Pænula, Liber,
adest :

Nos novus invitat cursus, nova pascua :
lingua

Nos nova : carpe diem : Terra paterna, vale !
Omne felici nobis iter incipit : Æquor
Tranquillum : nullis piscibus esca datur.
Gallia nos recipit, gratissima Gallia, linguâ
Jucundâ : longâ ferrea rheda trahit
In Belgas : Sol Bruxelli prope moenia lucem
Condit, et in mediâ nocte cietur iter.
Terna alii Regum describant nomina et ossa
Virginea in cistis, Undecimilla, tuis.
Nobilis Hamburgi nos tandem urbs accipit : Elbam
Transimus : multo membra calore madent.

Inde, Lubeck, celeres te visimus : inde recepit
Nos in contracto ferrea cymba sinu.
Nox teritur somno : prostrata cadavera mane
Cernimus : ingratus naribus adstat odor.
Vidimus è celsâ Danorum littora puppi :
Prima quies nobis tu, Copenhagen, eras.
Scandimus hic turres : per totam curritur urbem :
Miramur statuas, pocula, tela, libros :
Vestimenta Deæ non sunt ! Væ nuda puella !
Quocunque aspicias, nil nisi nudus homo est !
Nec mora : sub noctem petimus loca clara, per Aurem ¹
Quà cita Baltiaci defluit unda freti :
Mane novo Hamléti castella antiqua subimus :
Protinus accipiunt Gothica regna pedes.
Inde laborantes in nonam currimus horam :
Quocunque aspicias, sylva, lacusque, loco.
Dulcia Suedorum quo possum dicere versu ?
Cymba per æquoreas itque, reditque, vias.
Pulchri homines, et pulchrior Urbs, pulcherrima Virgo ;
Miramur Regum signa, tropæa, domos.
Hinc per Hyperborei vehimur freta nave paratâ
Oceanî, stomacho non toleranda meo.
Nox placida, et somnus facilis : cito turbine pontus
Æstuat, et mediâ cymba laborat aquâ.
Insequitur clamorque virûm, stridorque rudentis :
Traditur indigno piscibus ore cibus.

¹ Urbs Helsingor (Anglicè Elsinore) apud fretum Oresund
(Anglicè Sound), alias Aurem, sita.

Exagitatus, edax, passus graviora, carinam

Linquo libens : rupes osculor, Hango, tuas :

Finnica nos dulcis ripæ conducit Imatræ,¹

Quà sonat æternus nocte, dièque, fragor.

O ! quam te memorem ! si centum vivitur annos,

Finnica Virgo, tui corde manebit amor !

Frons gracilis, roseæque genæ, niveique capilli,

Cæruleique oculi, fœmineusque decor !

Russia, terrarum domitor, spoliator Eoi,

Illustrare fugax te mea Musa timet.

In centum linguis tibi dant maledicta, Tyranne :

Ædibus in sacris mille tropæa nitent.

Te tuba terribilis, te ferrea machina mortis,

Ala ferox equitum te, peditumque cohors :

Te luctus, famesque, et mors violenta, sequuntur :

Te tenet in templis prava Superstitio.

Urbs præclara tamen, Petri sub nomine, lautis

Nos recipit tectis : incipit inde labor.

Namque Professores, Doctores, atque Sophistæ,

Indi, Semitici, Seres, et Assyrii,

Grammaticale pecus, congestio Pragmaticorum,

Conveniunt, uno gens aliena loco :

Themata, discursus, argumentatio, libri,

Signaque in egregios torta retorta modos :

Diversæ voces, diversaque nomina : cultus

Diversus : varius sanguis, origo, color.

¹ Imatra, locus in terrâ Finnicâ ob delapsum aquarum celeberrimus.

Hic Academiæ claustris nutritur : at ille,
Quà rheda errantem convehit una domum.
Adsunt Gallorum, Germanorumque, phalanges,
Et Dani : lepidè lingua Latina sonat :
Namque ' Gubernatis ' ¹ Florenti ex urbe subivit,
Flos Italæ gentis, deliciæque meæ :
' Oppertusque ' ² ferox, Teutonve an Gallicus anceps,
Ambobus bellum ferre paratus, adest :
Anglia quos mittit ? juvenumque senumque profusè
More vorat patrio, vociferatque, cohors.
Tu quoque, ' Kerne, ' ³ venis Batavorum gloria, cujus
Doctrina ingenio certat, et arte labor.
Prisca Javanorum tibi debent carmina vitam :
India te novit Proxima et Ulterior.
Addit se sociam, Doctisque supervenit, Anna, ⁴
Pulchra satis, genio fertilis, arte, sale ;
Fœminea argutâ nectens subtilia voce ;
Lucentes oculi vim Rationis habent :
Hanc incessanter Juvenesque, Senesque, frequentant ;
Corda Professorum frigida mollit Amor.
Cæsaris augustâ pransi regaliter aulâ
Congredimur : multo carpitur ore dies.

¹ Angelo di Gubernatis in urbe Florentiâ Professor, doctissimus, amabilissimus.

² Julius Oppert, Assyrologus acutissimus, vivacissimus, bellicosissimus, apud Hamburghum natus, in Parisiis demorans.

³ Henricus Kern, apud Lugdunum Batavorum Professor, vir jucundissimus, utriusque Indiæ sermonibus doctissimus.

⁴ Puella Anglica, cœruleis calceis induta (vulgo blue-stocking), hujus Congressûs pars mihi non minima.

Occupat immensâ Germanus pulpita barbâ ;
 Raucâ voce suam rem, digitoque, movet :
 Respondet Gallus : ' Si quæ nova dicis, Amice,
 ' Non vera ; et verum est quod, novitate caret.'
 Consurgunt alii : facit indignatio verba ;
 Tinnitus tenui futilis ære sonat.
 Surridet Angli et Batavi ; regionis Eoæ
Imperium est illis grande, *loquela* parum.
 Tunc pietate gravis veniam, pacemque, requirit,
 Felix, cui surgit plausus utrâque manu.
 Prævalet at sermo Russus : comprehendere nemo
 Audet : Gregorieff¹ præsidet : aula silet.
 Sic intestinis crescit Res Palladis armis,
 Europæque recens undique floret honos :
 Sic ' redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit ' :
 Surgit et e fuscâ lux Oriente nova :
 Secreta exponunt penetralia Seres, et Indi,
 Cimmeriusque nigrans, Æthiopumque genus
 Sacrilegis cedunt violata cadavera chartas :
 Urbium et antiquæ defodiuntur opes.
 Quæ nunquam Graii, nunquam novère Latini,
 Cantitat, absorbens poma nucesque, puer.
 Quæcunque obscuris recitârint carmina lucis
 Gymnosophi, vel quæ luxuriârnt Arabs,
 Omnia nota patent : nam quid non vincere possit
 Subtile ingenium, et nocte dieque labor ?

¹ Basilius Gregoricff, Congressûs Præses atque Proconsul.

Hinc iter ad veteres ducit, Moscovia, sedes :
Volga superfusâ plena redundat aquâ :
Vidi ego, per totum mundi dum curritur orbem,
Multas Regum urbes, multaque templa Dei :
Nulla tamen palmam te tollit : corde fideli
Tu, quasi Jerusalem, tu, quasi Roma, nites !
Salva mane, splendeque, novos visura triumphos,
Russia ! vicini dant tibi damna lucrum :
Nam malus e nostro latro sestertia sacco
Abstrahit : amissas ploro viator opes.
Quis fecit, quum, quo, quare, cur, quomodo, plane
Nescimus : notum est quod fuit, et quod abest.
Inde dies noctesque duas properamus ad Elbam,
Inque domum reduces ferrea cymba vehit :
Hic miser ovorum cophino male cautus operto
Insideo : pretium fœmina læsa rogat :
Quid faciam ? facinus non est mihi lingua negare,
Et solido lapsûs damna rependo mei.
Musa, sile, properaque domum, nam Mater Etona
Appellat natos in sua claustra suos :
Sævior hic regnat Russorum rege tyrannus.
Suavior hic Finnâ virgine ‘Dama’¹ sedet :
Per campos, vallesque, et montes ivimus altos :
Sustulimus longæ dulcia, acerba, viæ :
Quid juvat ah ! terras alio sub sole calentes
Visere, si Patriæ pectore desit amor ?

¹ ‘Dama,’ animal sexûs ancipitis, quod pueros gremio foveat,
necnon suppliciis torquet.

APUD PETROPOLIM

Namque bonum externâ si sit, seu nobile, terrâ
Est melius patrio, nobiliusque, solo.
Ne mihi sit finis terræ, nec meta laborum,
Dummodo vis animæ, corporeusque vigor.
Omne quod Ars tulerit, quod conservaverit Ætas,
Quidquid agant homines, est ibi cura mea.

Idibus Novembris, MDCCCLXXVIII. Apud Londinum.





THE CHILD-WIDOW.

DOWN by the sea one poor young girl is sitting
Lone in her woe, of sympathy in scorn :
Round her the childish groups go lightly
flitting :
She sits forlorn.

And while the wild waves to her feet come creeping,
Hands clasped on knee she sits deprived of motion,
The white cap shrouding eyes grown red with weeping
Fixed on the ocean.

A few quick months, one short, short year ago,
In the springtide of youth, and girlish beauty,
Naught knew she of the discipline of woe,
And human duty.

Came suddenly, her inmost heart-strings moving,
Unwished for, and undreamt of, from the skies,
The first wild throb of 'being loved and loving,'
That never dies.

THE CHILD-WIDOW

Her things of earth with heavenly things seemed blended,
This sweet fair world seemed fairer than before,
As if a golden line had been suspended
From Heaven's floor.

Alas ! how short the term of human gladness !
How soon the roses of our garlands fade !
To wedding joys succeed funereal sadness :
To sunshine shade.

From a far land a trumpet-sound comes ringing,
Calling her soldier back to arms and honour :
A sickening sense of desolation, flinging
Darkness upon her.

Then tidings through the lightning-line came flashing,
How with our horse the foe in battle strove :
One soldier fell, in the advance-guard dashing :
That one her love.

No fond and gentle hand his eyes to close :
No wreath upon his grave : his short, sad story,
That, where he fell, they left him to repose,
Lone in his glory.

No ray of comfort can her heart discover :
Her only wish, oh ! would that I were dead !
The waves of bitter anguish have closed over,
And all hope fled.

THE CHILD-WIDOW

Ah me ! poor child, in your brief hour of gladness
Had you one thought, one passing glance of pity
For all the sorrow, suffering, and sadness
Of this great city ?

Did your heart ever melt with soft compassion
For sisters in their garrets cold and lone,
Sparing one mouthful from the claims of fashion
For those with none ?

Was there ought else in life to you but lightness,
Wasting each precious moment as it flies ?
So the poor moth its one short day of brightness
Flutters and dies.

Ask not the reason of God's wondrous dealing :
We see but part, and cannot judge the whole ;
Some day the dreary clouds will burst, revealing
Light to thy soul !

London : 1879.





ISANDLÁNA

IN these dark days of pride and pelf,
When all is centred upon self,
And higher thoughts are gone,
The heart wakes up in glad surprise,
Rousing itself to recognise,
That a great deed is done.

The Roman matron in stern joy
Embraced her son : ' Return, my boy,
Upon, or with your shield.'
So England to her sons this day :
' Return victorious, if you may,
Or die upon the field.'

No British regiments shall rot
In foreign prisons : their sole lot
The cypress or the bay.
Can wool, once dyed, regain its hue ?
Can soldiers gold-redeem'd be true
To meet the assegai ?

When all was over, there was one,
Who felt that honour was not gone
 On Isandlána's plain.
The colours round his breast he wound :
The youthful warrior thus was found
 Among the noble slain.

Long as these blood-stained colours shine,
Foremost in England's battle-line,
 Young soldiers with dim eye
Will listen to that tale oft told,
And hope to be as wise, and bold,
 Like him to do and die.

And that brave gunner too : his last
Thought to his home and love he cast,
 Then with a martial glow
Drove in the spike, and cried : 'Good gun,
'For me, alas ! your work is done,
 'Thou shalt not aid our foe.'

While British mothers bear such sons,
Germs of our future Wellingtons,
 Alone against the world
On Danube's banks, or Belgian fields,
'Gainst Afghan knife, or Zulu shield
 Our flag shall be unfurled.

ISANDLÁNA

O'er his dead son old Ormonde sighed
Proudly, because he nobly died,
 And to that poor dead clay
The heart of England is more stirred
Than to the idle living herd,
 Who do no work to-day.

London : 1879.





PRAYER.

THE blessed end keep steadily in view :
Hopes ever ardent ; interests ever new :
Each morn for guidance earnest humble
prayer :
Each evening penitence, but not despair.
Thoughts ever soaring heavenwards, but still
Ready to sympathise with human ill :
Ready to live, if God should order, ' Stay ' :
Ready to die, if God say, ' Come away.'

London : February 2, 1879,





HATLEY REVISITED.



ONCE more before my father's door
I stand, and touch the bell : once more
(My poor heart aches with pain)
Full forty years run swiftly back
Along my tangled Indian track,
And I feel young again.

As in a dream there seems to rise
My father, with his kindly eyes,
And ever ready smile.
I see him in his garden-walk :
I hear the grave and serious talk
From lips that knew no guile.

And mother dear ! O ! is it she,
Whom through my tears I seem to see
Up at that window pane !
As down the well-known path I glide,
I seem to have her at my side,
And hear her voice again.

HATLEY REVISITED

How oft on Ganges' bank I've stood,
And thought of Hatley's good green wood,
 And breathed the silent prayer,
That, all my ceaseless wanderings past,
I might get to my home at last,
 And lay my body there :

There, where my sisters lie, who seem
But creatures of a feverish dream :
 They died long since, but still
Their figures float before my eye
In unforgotten imagery :
 'To me they're living still.

And she, who one bright summer day
Came here with me : (how loud and gay
 The church-bells seemed to ring !)
From that lone spot beyond the sea,
Which no one knows but me—but me,
 To life back seems to spring.

With quivering lips and outstretched hand
Above my father's grave I stand :
 'Could no one else be found
(If needs this cruel deed were done),
My father, but your youngest son,
 To strike a cureless wound ?'

HATLEY REVISITED

Still, when in solemn guise I come
Drawn to my old ancestral home,
 May Hatley's good green trees
Rain leaves upon my passing bier,
And welcome me returning here !
 Death the grief-stricken frees

For all the sorrows of my age,
The darkest of my pilgrimage,
 My child's ingratitude,
All are forgotten, and in love
All are forgiven, as above
 My father's grave I stood.

London : May 14, 1880.





THE EMPTY CRADLE.

(FROM A NEGRO MELODY.)



HE brightest morning in my life,
Saw baby come :
A little coffin yesterday
Took baby home.
Eight weeks of wondrous happiness
My heart has known :
Now—empty is the cradle,
And baby gone.

Flowers sweetly bloom at eventide
On baby's grave :
I sometimes wish I were a branch
O'er it to wave :
My hands have nothing now to do ;
I sit alone :
For—empty is the cradle,
And baby gone.

THE EMPTY CRADLE

In her soft smile I had a glimpse
Of Paradise,
And angels seemed to look at me
Out of her eyes.
Such hopes and visions now from me
All—all are gone :
For—empty is the cradle,
And baby gone.

I must not yield to idle grief,
But work again,
And try to think my heavy loss
Is baby's gain.
I'll fold her little clothes away :
His will be done !
But—empty is the cradle,
And baby gone.

London : September 25, 1880.





*TO A YOUNG LADY LEFT BEHIND AT
ATHENS, 1881.*

WHAT grave and tedious labour, oh my friend,
Bids thee in foreign land so long to dwell ?
Oh ! to th' Egean sea your guide-books send,
And pen as well !

My fond heart beats with pain : the charming maid
Whose smile but by her wit is unsurpassed,
A troop of bandit Greeks has captive made,
And holds her fast.

Your window can Athené's temple see,
Crowned with an aureole of purple light :
London lies hid in murky panoply
Of daily night.

Bring light to England : do not disinherit
Of one sweet wandering orb the heavenly choirs :
Accept an old man's rhyme, whose only merit
His heart inspires.

London : St. Valentine's Day, February 1882.



IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

JULIÆ DIU IN ATHENIS MORANTI.

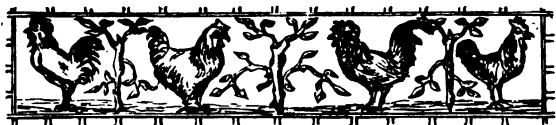
DIC in externis quis, Amica, terris
Te gravis lentusque labor moratur ?
Scriinia Ægeo calamumque mittas,
Julia dulcis.

Cor meum luctu trepidat : puellam
Suave ridentem, lepidè loquentem,
Heu ! Pelasgorum rapuère turmæ,
Julia dulcis.

Tu fenestrâ templa vides Athenés
Purpuræ velamine luminosa :
Nocte Londinum jacet in diurnâ,
Julia dulcis.

Angliæ lucem refer ! oh ! vagantem
Redde cœlesti choreæ planetam !
Accipe hoc ex corde senile carmen,
Julia dulcis.

Apud Londinum : IV. prid. Idus Feb. MDCCCLXXXII : die
Sancti Valentini.



TWO KINDS OF IGNORANCE.

(FROM THE PERSIAN.)



ANKAS, keh *badánad* o *badánad* keh *nadánad*,
 Asp-e tarab az gunbad-i gardún bajuhánad.
 Ankas, keh *nadánad* o *badánad* keh *nadánad*
 Akhir i khirkah khubash ba manzal ba
 rasánad.

Ankas, keh *nadánad*, o *nadánad* keh *nadánad*
 Dar jahl-i murakkab abad al dahr ba mánad.

Who knows, yet still his want of knowledge knows,
 By studying hard to moderate knowledge grows ;
 The simple ignoramus, who well knows
 His want of knowledge, so far knowledge shows :
 Who naught, not e'en his want of knowledge, knows,
 The double fool in hopeless folly goes.

TWO KINDS OF IGNORANCE

Qui scit, sed scit, quanta sua ignorantia, tandem

Plurima discendo noscere pauca potest :

Qui nescit, sed sponte suum nescire fatetur

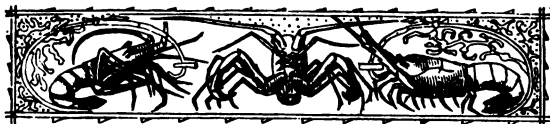
Stultitiæ veniam simplicitate meret.

Qui nescit, nescitque suum nescire videtur

Esse duplex stultus, spe veniâque carens

London : February 6, 1883.





FRIENDS ! to my grave no wealth of spring-
time bring ;
No coronals, or cross, or wreath be ours ;
They cannot hide the poor, weak, mortal thing
In fading flowers.

One bunch of violets, dropped by tender hand ;
One full rose snapped with young buds left to bloom,
Be the sole tokens, which your loves command
To deck our tomb.

Hatley, after seeing my dear brother's grave :
April 20, 1884.





ALONE WITH GOD.



ALONE with God ! each midnight let it be
Whether in joy I smile, in pain I moan,
The sweetest hour of all the day to me
With God alone,

Let the earth vanish from my window-pane,
By ceaseless steps of sorrowing pilgrims trod ;
No longer alternating joy and pain,
Alone with God !

If for an instant Thou shouldst hide Thy face,
What shall the guilt of Thy poor child atone ?
Save a self-casting on Thy boundless grace,
With God alone !

O ! suffer me to see with living eyes
Over the golden walls of Thy abode
Standing on tiptoe into Paradise,
Alone with God !

ALONE WITH GOD

If clouds of earthly doubts and earthly care,
Up from the valleys wafted, hide Thy throne,
To dwell in darkness let my spirit dare
With God alone !

O ! suffer me in sleep of Thee to dream !
In waking hours be Thou my reverie !
Sleeping or waking blest to be I seem
Alone with Thee !

If I lose Thee, I lose in truth my all ;
What can I call in truth save Thee my own ?
If Thou upholdest, I can never fall,
With Thee alone.

Folkestone, with C. D. H. : September 1884.





IS HE DEAD?

H S he then gone, gone to that silent shore,
Who lately filled the noisy trump of fame?
And will the tell-tale telegraph no more
Prick out his name?

A comet, such as heavenly cycles bring,
Splendidly vagrant, fraught with portent dire,
Through the dark Empyréan vanishing
In lines of fire.

Perhaps with a troop of men half-starved, half-dead,
He will emerge some day in Kongo-land,
And, sailing down the Aruwini's bed,
Shake Stanley's hand.

Or, curbing cannibals with iron will,
He will pass onwards to the setting sun,
Thinking, that nothing is accomplished, till
Lake Tsad is won.

IS HE DEAD?

Or to the great Nyanza doubling back,
Through the Savannah-grass in Indian file,
Star-guided by the Southern Cross to track
Thy course, O Nile.

Perhaps he will wed the daughter of Zebéhr,
Sister of that poor youth whom Gessi shot,
Since against 'God and Gordon' he did dare
To cast his lot.¹

Perhaps in a round mud-hut 'twill be his fate
To settle down beside a coal-black wife,
Raising up Negroids to perpetuate
His restless life.

Or perhaps, submissive to the heavenly will,
He will breathe out his last sad breath alone,
Thinking in death of all he had done ill,
Or left undone.

Perhaps he is praying with a Moslem train,
Removed from sight to some far distant clime,
A second Mahdi, to appear again
In future time.

¹ I send you Gessi's letter, which tells of the end of Zebéhr's son (aged 22). I have no compunction about his death. I told them, that *if he fought the Egyptian Government God would slay him*. Gessi only obeyed *my orders in shooting him*.—'Colonel Gordon in Central Africa,' by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, 1881.

IS HE DEAD?

Anything, everything, possible with him,
Except dishonour ! a preux chevalier,
Whose shield no breath of selfishness can dim,
No stain of fear.

Heart filled with high resolve, soul fixed on fate,
Reckless of human policy, that brings
Nought but entanglements to dominate
Peoples and kings.

Consistent inconsistency : his mind
Had lost its balance, when, on dreams intent,
He saw the blessed Saviour of mankind
Enter his tent.

No soul was e'er enshrined in mortal frame
More honour-filled, more void of sordid pelf :
If to a cause he gave his sword, and name,
He gave himself.

Ready a desert camel-ride to take,
Not caring whether his rash policy
Would stain his country's character, and make
Thousands to die.

Threading the lone mysterious dunes of sand
In panoply of faith, that fears no ill,
Because no sparrow falls in any land
Without His will.

'Twas his unhappy crime, or destiny,
Anguish to cause to many an English home :
'Why did they send him?' such will be the cry
For years to come.

'Tis not enough to strive, unless we love
A holy cause with steady constancy :
The Bruce, and Tell, and Garibaldi, strove
For Liberty.

If in our souls the noble wish appears
For trampled Freedom's right to break a lance,
We well might fight for Poland or Algiers
Russia and France.

Why did *he* help the cruel false Chinese
With his strong hand t' undo the Patriot's work,
And slaughter noble savages to please
The hateful Turk?

Alas ! he Freedom's banner ne'er unfurled :
Fighting for tyranny he always stood :
Though Peace was on his lips, he left the world
In seas of blood.

For in the din of fight and cannon's roar,
Treading a path which many a saint has trod,
Did his enlightened spirit freely soar
Right up to God.

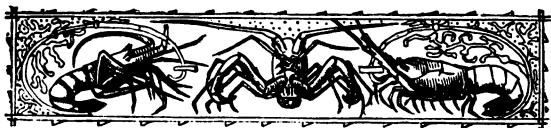
IS HE DEAD?

There he does stand : our heads we humbly bow,
Waiting the sentence so supremely just :
We cannot judge him, or upbraid him now
Over his dust.

How can we think of him tenderly enough,
Who for his errors with his life has paid ?
Of such illogical heroic stuff
Britons are made.

London : July 1885.





THE PILGRIM'S WIFE.

In the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Christian came to the House Beautiful. His character would not be complete, did he not think of his wife and children, whom he had left. No good Christian forgets Nature's holy ties ; he would naturally hope, that they would follow his example and start upon the pilgrimage, which they actually did. One of the ladies of the House Beautiful is supposed in these lines to comfort him by telling him what happened in his home after his departure—how the Lord cared for him and his family.



JUST as you fled your home,
You left your door ajar,
Not dreaming there would come,
Just at the evening star,
Craving the boon of food and room,
A pilgrim from afar.

He took your vacant place,
Upon each knee a child ;
He looked into your wife's sad face
With eyes so deep and mild :
A heavenly atmosphere of grace
Was round Him, when He smiled.

THE PILGRIM'S WIFE

And when she left the board
To take her-evening rest,
He spake one sweet and peaceful word,
And took the bread, and blessed :
She felt that 'twas the risen Lord,
Who thus had been her guest.

O Grace ! with morning's glow,
Following His steps, and thee,
Thy wife prepares to go,
From earthly passions free :
The children travelling slow
Make up the company.

And soon she will be here,
Your wife, faithful and true :
We'll give her our best cheer,
And kiss her for you :
And whisper in her ear
Words old, but ever new,

About that happy land,
Where Jesus reigns alone,
And saints at His command
Are singing round His throne,
And friends united stand
Knowing, as they are known.

THE PILGRIM'S WIFE

Then why so heavy, oh poor soul !
Why so disquieted !
Oh ! leave your life to His control !
By His hand be you led !

Eastbourne: September 1886.





THE ACCEPTED CROSS.

‘I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her.’—Hosea ii. 14.

LORD ! Thou hast chosen for me ! it is best ;
Others may run and strive, may rise and
fall ;
Within the sick-room is my quiet nest,
Waiting Thy call !

I may have wished to serve Thee otherwise,
To tend the beds of others tried by pain,
To Thee my powers, my gifts, to sacrifice ;
Thy will my gain !

From the old world sometimes there comes a ray,
Illumining my dark and curtained room ;
I well remember, how I once in gay
And youthful bloom

THE ACCEPTED CROSS

Fluttered along the garden-path of life,
Free from all thought of pain, or woe, or fear ;
Thy loving Wisdom from the giddy strife
Allured me here.

Here in Thy wilderness Thou dost fulfil
Thy promise to be with me ; though my soul
Droops 'neath Thy chastisement, Thy comforts still,
Still more console.

Calling forth cries of gratitude and love,
And songs of triumph ; for it seems to me
Better than health and strength true joy to prove
Alone with Thee.

London : July 29, 1887.

After visiting a lady who had been many years in her sick room,
and still was supremely grateful and happy.



Sportiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.



